

For Rev. Mr. Clarkbrook

A small Token of the
friendship of Nath.
Gilbert

*The [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]*

03440 df. 51.

~~#6 d. 32~~

P

V

Si

SOLD

Price

THE
P S A L M S

D A V I D,

SELECTED FROM
VARIOUS VERSIONS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

By the Rev. Rich. Cecil.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding.
Pf. 47. 7.

PRINTED FOR THE WELCH CHARITY:

SOLD BY J. MATHEWS, NO. 18, STRAND; AND
J. DEIGHTON, OPPOSITE RED-LION
STREET, HOLBORN.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

Price bound in Sheep, 2s. In Calf, 2s. 6d. In Morocco, 4s. 6d.



The profit which may arise from the sale
of this Publication, being appropriated to
the benefit of the *Welch Charity-School* in
Gray's-Inn Road; it has been entered at
Stationers Hall, to prevent any surreptitious
edition.

M
wh
del

the
and
app
Pfa
ber

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may not be improper to acquaint the Reader into whose hand this compilation may fall, that it was made for the use of a Congregation which hitherto had used the Version of *Sternbold* and *Hopkins*. A desire of discontinuing the Old Version was almost general; different opinions, however, prevailed respecting the most eligible of succeeding ones. It was on comparing several of these together *, that an idea was first suggested of selecting from each Version, such parts as had an evident superiority: but as *Excellence*, wherever observed, was the professed object of such a selection, those single Psalms which had been happily translated or paraphrased by eminent Hands †, became (as far as they could be sung to familiar tunes) a valuable acquisition ||.

At the request of some very respectable Characters,—and because a succinct view of every Psalm in its most devotional and poetical form, seemed peculiarly adapted to the time and circumstances, it was here attempted.

The alterations which have been made in order to preserve the sense or connection of a

* As those by *Denham, Milbourne, Tate and Brady, Smart, Merrick, Watts, &c.* to the distinguished excellence of which last-mentioned Version this work stands deeply indebted.

† Such as *Milton, Addison, Rowe, Steele, &c.*

|| Some admirable *Hymns* composed on short sentences in the Psalms by *Diddridge, Steele*, and other writers of piety and genius, would gladly have been inserted, had they not appeared incompatible with a plan which professes to select *Psalms* only, and which, by comprehending the whole number, is sufficiently extensive.

ADVERTISEMENT.

few passages, to correct an exceptionable gloss, or to improve the form of a metre, scarcely deserve notice: it may, however, afford pleasure to the scriptural Worshipper to observe, that while Revelation has been regarded in an unveiled exhibition of its distinguishing doctrines, and acceptable words have been sought for both the *Understanding* and the *Heart*, care is taken throughout, to avoid those Peculiarities which distinguish any Sect.

By abridging some Psalms, and introducing different Metres of others more generally interesting, advantages are obtained which may excuse so frequent an use of both expedients: by the former, the work is rendered more select and devotional; by the latter, considerable scope is afforded, not only for varying the *Melody* in worship, but also for that variety of *Illustration* by which many of these inspired songs are exhibited in their comprehensive, as well as literal sense—Writers who have successfully imitated the POET, may here unite with others who (shewing us “a yet more excellent way” by the light and authority of the New Testament) have unveiled the PROPHEET, displayed his evangelical Views, entered into his Spirit and Experience, and adapted both to the service of the Christian Church.

Should this Attempt prove, in the Divine Hand, a humble mean of assisting the Private Meditations of those for whose use it was more immediately intended, or of improving that noblest part of their Public Worship, PRAISE, its design will be fully accomplished.

T H E
P S A L M S.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS VERSIONS.

P S A L M I. Metre i.

- 1 **H**APPY the Man, whose cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go;
Who hates the Place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his Morning-Light
Among the Statutes of the LORD;
And spends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleasure pond'ring o'er his Word.
- 3 He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flourish in immortal Green:
And Heav'n will shine with kindest Beams
On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.
- 4 But Sinners find their Counsels crost;—
As Chaff before the Tempest flies,
So shall their Hopes be blown and lost,
When the last Trumpet shakes the Skies.
- 5 In vain the Rebel seeks to stand
In Judgment with the pious Race;
The dreadful JUDGE with stern Command
Assigns him to a different Place.
- 6 " Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
" I blest the Path, and drew it plain!
" But you would choose the crooked Road;
" And down it leads to endless Pain."

P S A L M I. Metre ii.

- 1 **O** How blest the Man, whose Ear
Impious Counsel shuns to hear;
Who nor loves, nor treads the Way
Where the Sons of Folly stray.
- 2 But possess'd with sacred Awe,
Meditates, great GOD, thy Law;
This by Day his fix'd Employ,
This by Night his constant Joy.
- 3 Like the Tree that, taught to grow
Where the Streams refreshing flow,
He his fruitful Branch shall spread,
Prosp'rous, he no Leaf shall shed.
- 4 See, ah! see a different Fate
God's obdurate Foes await;
See them, to his Wrath consign'd,
Fly like Chaff before the Wind.
- 5 When thy JUDGE, O Earth, shall come,
And to each assign his Doom;
Say, shall then the impious Band
With the Just assembled stand?
- 6 These th' ALMIGHTY, these alone,
Objects of his Love shall own;
While his Vengeance who defy
Whelm'd in endless Ruin lie.

P S A L M II. Metre i.

- 1 **W**HY did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counsels, to destroy
Th' Anointed of the LORD?

- 2 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Design;
Against the LORD their Pow'rs unite,
Against his CHRIST they join.
- 3 The LORD derides their Rage,
And will support his Throne;
He that hath rais'd Him from the Dead,
Hath own'd Him for his SON.
- 4 Now He's ascended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood He pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.
- 5 He asks, and GOD bestows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remotest Bounds,
His Kingdom shall advance.
- 6 The Nations that rebel,
Must feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate those Honours well
Which He receiv'd from GOD.
- 7 Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To GOD's exalted SON.
- 8 If once his Wrath arise,
Ye perish on the Place;
Then blessed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.

P S A L M II. Metre ii.

- 1 **W**HY did the Nations join to slay
The LORD's Anointed SON?
Why did they cast his Laws away,
And tread his Gospel down?
- 2 The LORD that sits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below;
He speaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And strikes their Spirits through.
- 3 "I call Him my Eternal SON,
"And raise Him from the Dead;
"I make my holy Hill his Throne,
"And wide his Kingdom spread.
- 4 "Ask me, my SON, and then enjoy
"The utmost *Heathen* Lands:
"Thy Rod of Iron shall destroy
"The Rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' Anointed LORD,
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.
- 6 With humble Love address his Throne;
For if he frowns, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his Grace rely.

P S A L M III. Metre i.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, how many are my Fears!
How fast my Foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal Death,
They break my present Peace.

P S A L M III.

5

- 2 But Thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raise my drooping Head.
- 3 I cry'd ; and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a list'ning Ear :
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my Fear.
- 4 He shed soft Slumbers on mine Eyes,
In spite of all my Foes ;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repose.
- 5 What though the Hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my Soul ;
My Refuge is my God.
- 6 Arise, O LORD, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory sing:
My God has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.
- 7 Salvation to the LORD belongs ;
His Arm alone can save :
Blessings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

P S A L M III. Metre ii.

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my Foes
In this weak State of Flesh and Blood !
My Peace they daily discompose ;
But my Defence and Hope is God.

- 2 Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To Thee I rais'd an Ev'ning Cry ;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
I laid me down and slept secure ;
Not Death could make my Heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 My GOD sustain'd me all the Night :
Salvation doth to GOD belong :
He rais'd my Head to see the Light,
And make his Praise my Morning Song.

P S A L M IV. Metre i.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before Thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary Head,
From Cares and Business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.
- 3 I pay this Ev'ning-Sacrifice ;
And when my Work is done,
Great GOD, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to sleep ;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

P S A L M IV. Metre ii.

- 1 **O** GOD of Grace and Righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in Distress,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.
- 2 Ye Sons of Men, in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame;
How long will Scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my SAVIOUR's Name?
- 3 Know that the LORD divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beside;
He hears the Cry of Penitents,
For the dear sake of CHRIST who dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient Hands have done
A thousand Works of Righteousness,
We put our Trust in GOD alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking Many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly Good?"
But, LORD, thy Light and Love we pray,
Our Souls desire this heav'nly Food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful Pow'rs rejoice
At Grace and Favours so divine;
Nor will I change my happy Choice,
For all their Corn and all their Wine.

P S A L M V.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear
My Voice ascending high:
To Thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine Eye.

8 P S A L M V.

- 2 Up to the Hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at his FATHER's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.
- 3 Thou art a GOD, before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy right Hand.
- 4 But to thy House will I resort,
To taste thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worship in thy Fear.
- 5 O may thy SPIRIT guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteousness!
Make ev'ry Path of Duty straight
And plain before my Face.
- 6 The Men that love and fear thy Name
Shall see their Hopes fulfil'd;
The mighty GOD will compass them
With Favour as a Shield.

P S A L M VI. Metre i.

- 1 **I**N Mercy, not in Wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble Worm, my GOD;
My Spirit dreads thine angry Look,
And trembles at thy Rod.
- 2 Have Mercy, LORD, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy Groans;
O let thy Voice of Comfort speak,
And heal my broken Bones.

P S A L M VI.

9

- 3 My Soul quite faints, but, LORD, how long
Shall I no Answer have?
O turn, and free my Soul from Wrong,
My Soul in Mercy save.
- 4 Return, and shew thy Pow'r to save
And spare my fainting Breath;
For who can praise Thee in the Grave?
Or sing thy Name in Death?
- 5 All Night my restless Bed with Tears,
With Tears my Couch o'erflows;
My Sight quite dim with Age appears,
Through my prevailing Foes.
- 6 But hence ye Enemies depart,
Nor tempt me to despair;
My SAVIOUR comes to cheer my Heart,
The LORD hath heard my Pray'r.

P S A L M VI. Metre ii.

- 1 **O** Spare me, LORD, nor o'er my Head
The Fulness of thy Vengeance shed,
With pitying Eye my Weakness view,
Heal my vex'd Soul, my Strength renew,
Permit my Pains their Bounds to know,
And fix a Period to my Woe.
- 2 Return, great GOD, return and save
Thy Servant from the greedy Grave:
Shall Death's cold, silent Tongue, O say,
The Records of thy Pow'r display?
Or pale Corruption's startled Ear
Thy Praise within its Prison hear?

3 By Languor, Grief, and Care oppress'd,
 While Groans perpetual heave my Breast,
 And Tears in large Profusion shed,
 Incessant lave my sleepless Bed;
 My Life, though yet in mid Career,
 Beholds the Winter of its Year.

4 Hence ye Profane:—My SAVIOUR hears;
 While yet I speak, he wipes my Tears;
 Accepts my Pray'r, and bids each Foe,
 With Shame, his vain Attempts forego.—
 They, struck with Horror from on high,
 In wild Disorder backward fly.

P S A L M VII.

1 **O** Save me, LORD, and to my Foes
 Do Thou (in Thee I trust) oppose
 Thy Pow'r;—and let the Arm divine,
 Stretch'd in my Cause, bespeak me thine.

2 My GOD, if Truth their Censure guide,
 If Guilt be in my Deeds descry'd,
 Low in the Dust my Life be laid,
 And Earth's dark Womb my Glory shade.

3 Rise, mightiest LORD, triumphant rise,
 O'er each whose Hand thy Pow'r defies;
 Ascend thy Throne, great God, again,
 And vindicate thy Ways to Men.

4 O Thou whose strictly searching Eye
 The Heart and inmost Reins can try;
 Sin's baneful Growth do Thou control,
 And guard from Ill the upright Soul.

P S A L M VII.

11

- 5 Th' impartial JUDGE, whose Eyes each Day
Cast o'er the Earth their strict Survey:
To Him, my Soul, for Help repair,
He makes the faithful Heart his Care.
- 6 If Man his Law refuse to know,
He whets his Sword, He bends his Bow,
And points with Fire the winged Dart,
Ordain'd to pierce th' Oppressor's Heart.
- 7 Thy Truth, O LORD, shall on my Breast
In sweet Remembrance stand imprest;
With grateful Joy my Heart inspire,
And wake to ceaseless Praise my Lyre.

P S A L M VIII. Metre i.

- 1 **O** LORD, our GOD, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Those moving Worlds of Light:
- 3 LORD, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells so far below,
That 'Thou should'st visit him with Grace,
And love his Nature so!
- 4 That thy eternal SON should bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To save a dying Worm!

- 5 Let Him be crown'd with Majesty,
 Who bow'd his Head to Death:
 And be his Honours sounded high,
 By all Things that have Breath.
- 6 JESUS, our LORD, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted Name!
 The Glories of thy heav'nly State
 Let the whole Earth proclaim.

P S A L M VIII. Metre ii.

- 1 I Mmortal KING! thro' Earth's wide Frame
 How great thy Honour, Praise, and Name!
 From Infants Thou canst Strength upraise,
 And form their lisping Tongues to praise.
- 2 When, rapt in Thought, with wakeful Eye
 I view the Wonders of the Sky;
 Whose frame thy Fingers o'er our Head
 In rich Magnificence have spread:
- 3 The silent Moon, with waxing Horn,
 Along th' ethereal Region borne;
 'The Stars, with vivid Lustre crown'd,
 That nightly walk their destin'd Round.
- 4 LORD, what is Man, that in thy Care
 His humble Lot should find a Share!
 Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
 Thus to his Wants thine Ear should'st bow?
- His Rank awhile, by thy Decree,
 Th' angelic Tribes beneath them see,
 Till round him thy imparted Rays
 With unextinguish'd Glory blaze.

- 6 Immortal KING ! thro' Earth's wide Frame
 How great thy Honour, Praise, and Name !
 Whose Reign o'er distant Worlds extends,
 Whose Glory Heav'ns vast Height transcends.

P S A L M IX. Metre i.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy Praise, O LORD,
 I will my Heart prepare ;
 To all the list'ning World thy Works,
 Thy wondrous Works declare.
- 2 The Thought of them shall to my Soul
 Exalted Pleasures bring ;
 While to thy Name, O Thou MOST HIGH,
 Triumphant Praise I sing.
- 3 GOD is a constant, sure Defence
 Against oppressing Rage ;
 As Troubles rise, his needful Aids
 In our Behalf engage.
- 4 All those who have his Goodness prov'd
 Will on his Truth confide ;
 Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
 That on his Help rely'd.
- 5 Sing Praises therefore to the LORD,
 From *Sion* his Abode,
 Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
 Confess no other God.

P S A L M IX. Metre ii.

- 1 **T**HEE, LORD, I boast my Bliss supreme,
 Thy Praise my Song's exhaustless Theme:
 O Higher than the highest, Hail !
 THOU, THOU hast bid my Cause prevail.

2 Come ye, who in the dang'rous Hour
 With for your Guard the strong-built
 Each Terror to the Winds resign'd, ['low'r;
 In GOD a surer Refuge find.

3 The Souls that; once oppress'd with Woe,
 Have learn'd thy Name, great GOD, to know,
 Their Hope on Thee shall still sustain,
 Whom none has sought, and sought in vain.

P A R T II.

4 O THOU, whose Care prolongs my Breath,
 And lifts me from the Gates of Death;
 Thy Servant's Woes attentive view,
 While impious Men my Steps pursue.

5 So shall thy Praise employ my Tongue,
 And Sion's Portals hear my Song,
 While with experienc'd Heart I show
 What Joys from thy Salvation flow.

6 In Sion GOD has fix'd his Rest;
 O be his Praise aloud confess;
 His Acts through ev'ry Clime resound,
 Far as to Earth's extremest Bound.

P S A L M X. Metre i.

1 **W**HY doth the LORD stand off so far?
 And why conceal his Face,
 When great Calamities appear,
 And Times of deep Distress?

2 **L**ORD, shall the Wicked still deride
 Thy Justice and thy Pow'r?
 Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
 And still thy Saints devour?

- 3 They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then insult the Poor;
They boast in their exalted Height,
That they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine Hand,
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on High.
- 5 Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cause thine Ear to hear;—
He hearkens what his Children say,
And puts the World in Fear.
- 6 Proud Tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the Just;
And mighty Sinners shall confess
They are but Earth and Dust.

P S A L M X. Metre ii. [Reign,

- 1 **T**HINE is the Throne:—Beneath thy
Immortal KING! the Tribes profane
Behold their Dreams of Conquest o'er,
And vanish to be seen no more.
- 2 The meek Observer of thy Laws
To Thee commits his injur'd Cause;
In Thee, each anxious Fear resign'd,
The Fatherless a Father find.
- 3 Thou, LORD, thy People's Wish canst read,
Ere from their Lips the Pray'r proceed;
'Tis Thine their dropping Hearts to rear,
And bow to ev'ry Sigh thine Ear:

- 4 The weeping Orphan's Cheek to dry,
 The guiltless Sufferer's Cause to try;
 To rein each earth-born Tyrant's Will,
 And bid the Sons of Pride be still.

P S A L M XI.

- 1 **M**Y Refuge is the GOD of Love;
 Why do my Foes insult and cry
 "Fly like a tim'rous trembling Dove;
 "To distant Woods or Mountains fly?"
- 2 If Government be all destroy'd,
 (That firm Foundation of our Peace)
 And Violence make Justice void,
 Where shall the Righteous seek Redress?
- 3 The LORD in Heav'n has fix'd his Throne;
 His Eyes survey the World below:
 To him all mortal Things are known;
 His Eyelids search our Spirits through.
- 4 If He afflicts his Saints so far,
 To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
 What may the bold Transgressors fear?
 His very Soul abhors their Ways.
- 5 The righteous LORD loves righteous Souls;
 Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere;
 And with a gracious Eye beholds
 The Men that his own Image bear.

P S A L M XII.

- 1 **O** Help me, LORD, for few I see,
 Whose Acts conform to thy Decree;
 New Arts of Fraud each Heart has known,
 And speaks a Language not its own;
 But GOD with Vengeance arm'd shall rise,
 And scourge the Tongues of Pride and Lies.

P S A L M XII.

17

- 2 "Enough (th' eternal SIRE has cry'd)
"Enough my suff'ring Saints have sigh'd,
"To Me disclos'd their ceaseless Fear,
"And pour'd their Sorrows in mine Ear:
"My Hand shall see their Wrongs redrest,
"And sooth to Peace the troubled Breast."

- 3 Pure are thy Words, Almighty LORD,
As Silver oft by Fire explor'd:
Thy Love each faithful Heart shall share,
And joy in thy protecting Care [spread,
Unmov'd;—tho' Wrongs the Earth o'er-
And Vice triumphant lifts its Head.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My GOD, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly Rays
That chase my Fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Foes control,
And ease my raging Pain.
- 3 See how the Prince of Darkness tries
All his malicious Arts;
He spreads a Mist around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.
- 4 Be Thou my Sun, be Thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haste before mine Eyes are seal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust
 Beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
 Thy saving Health will come, and then
 My Heart with Joy shall spring.

6 Thou wilt display that sov'reign Grace
 Where all my Hopes have hung;
 I shall employ my Lips in Praise,
 And Vict'ry shall be sung.

P S A L M XIV.

1 **B**EHOLD the Fool, whose Heart denies
 The God who form'd the Earth and Skies!
 While, fearless, Sin's worst Paths he treads,
 Mark how the dire Example spreads!

2 Th' ETERNAL MONARCH from on High
 Cast on the Sons of Earth his Eye,
 If haply some He yet might see
 From Error's baleful Influence free.

3 Whose Lives an impious Age might shame,
 Who sought his Love, and own'd his Name;
 Who 'midst infectious Times have stood
 Unstain'd, and obstinately good.

4 He look'd:—but ah! not one could find
 To Virtue's Heav'n-taught Rules inclin'd:
 Each led from Wisdom's Path astray,
 Pursues the Tenour of his Way.

5 Who, mightiest LORD, to *Israel's* Eyes
 Shall bid the wish'd Salvation rise,
 From *Sion's* Hill its healing Ray
 Extend,—and round us pour the Day?

- 6 When Thou (thy Pow'r the Work demands)
Shall back-recall our captive Bands, [Frame,
Our ceaseless Shouts, thro' Heav'n's wide
Shall ransom'd *Israel's* Joy proclaim.

P S A L M XV.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man that may
To thy blest Courts repair?
Not Stranger like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
- 2 The Man who walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
Who trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands!
- 3 He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor flanders with his Tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour wrong.
- 4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
Can treat with just Neglect;
And Piety, though cloth'd in Rags,
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who on his plighted Vows and Trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his Loss,
He makes his Promise good.
- 6 Whose Hands disdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor;
This Man, when Earth's Foundation shakes,
Shall stand with God secure.

P S A L M. XVI.

1 **P**Reserve me, LORD, in Time of Need,
For Succour to thy Throne I flee,
But have no Merits there to plead;
My Goodness cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My Praise can never make Thee blest,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

3 Yet, LORD, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good I do;
These are the Company I keep,
These are the choicest Friends I know.

4 Let others choose the Sons of Mirth,
To give a relish to their Wine;
I love the Men of heav'nly Birth,
Whose Thoughts and Language are divine.

P A R T II.

5 **H**OW fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some Idol-God!
I will not taste their Sacrifice,
Their Offerings of forbidden Blood.

6 My God provides a richer Cup,
And nobler Food to live upon:
He for my Life has offer'd up
Jesus his best beloved Son.

7 His Love is my perpetual Feast;
By Day his Counsels guide me right:
And be his Name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet Advice by Night.

- 8 I set Him still before mine Eyes;
At my right Hand He stands, prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surprise,
And be my everlasting Guard.

P A R T III.

- 9 WHEN God is nigh, my Faith is strong,
His Arm is my Almighty Prop:
Be glad, my Heart, rejoice my Tongue,
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.
- 10 Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.
- 11 My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.
- 12 There Streams of endless Pleasure flow;
And full Discov'ries of thy Grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

P S A L M XVII. Metre i.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the Wicked flee:
They are but thy chastizing Rod,
To drive thy Saints to Thee.
- 2 Behold, the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleasure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.

- 3 Then let his Pride advance,
And boast of all his Store ;
The LORD is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the Face
Of my forgiving GOD ;
And stand complete in Righteousness,
Wash'd in my SAVIOUR'S Blood.
- 5 There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Drest in the Likeness of thy SON,
And draw immortal Breath.

P S A L M XVII. Metre ii.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, but Thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love :
When Men of Spite against me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.
- 2 Their Hope and Portion lie below ;
'Tis all the Happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek ; they take their Shares,
And leave the rest among their Heirs.
- 3 What Sinners value, I resign ;
LORD, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful Face,
And stand complete in Righteousness.
- 4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show ;
But the bright World to which I go,
Hath Joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

- 5 O glorious Hour ! O blest Abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And Flesh and Sin no more control
 The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.
- 6 My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,
 Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound ;
 Then burst the Chains with sweet Surprise,
 And in my SAVIOUR's Image rise.

P S A L M XVII. Metre iii.

- 1 **B**Efore thy Throne, whose Eyes can read
 Each inmost Thought,—my Cause I
 plead.
 O Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide,
 Forbid my wav'ring Feet to slide !
 To Thee (for Thou the Pray'r canst hear),
 To Thee my suppliant Voice I rear.
- 2 What Care the Apple of the Eye
 Demands,—that Care to me apply ;
 While all my Hopes on Thee repose,
 To me thy wondrous Grace disclose,
 “ And keep, O keep me, King of Kings,
 “ Beneath thy own Almighty Wings !”
- 3 Rise, LORD, and let me by thy Aid
 A pamper'd Crowd's deep Snares evade,
 Whose Heart, with impious Fury stung,
 To mad Presumption prompts their Tongue:
 Whose Days, with Life's full Blessings
 fraught,
 To Earth's low Scene confine their Thought.

- 4 Far other Blifs my Soul shall own,
 A Blifs to guilty Minds unknown:—
 O! when, awaken'd by thy Care,
 Thy Face I view, thy Image bear,
 How shall my Breast with Transport glow!
 What full Delight my Heart o'erflow!

P S A L M XVIII.

- 1 **B**LEST OBJECT of my Soul's Desire,
 On Thee my stedfast Hope I build;
 To Thee my grateful Thoughts aspire;
 My God, my Rest, my Rock, my Shield.
- 2 To Thee my Tow'r, my Strength, I'll pray;
 What Foes shall then my Terror raise?
 What Bands combin'd my Heart dismay,
 While thus I pay my Debt of Praise?
- 3 Death arm'd with Terrors, Hell with Woes,
 Around me cast their dismal Shade;
 While Floods of high Temptations rose,
 And made my sinking Soul afraid.
- 4 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r;
 To God address'd my humble Moan;
 He graciously inclin'd his Ear,
 And heard me from his lofty Throne.

P A R T II.

- 5 **W**HEN God arose my Part to take,
 The conscious Earth was struck with Fear;
 The Hills did at his Presence shake,
 Nor could his dreadful Fury bear.

- 6 Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad,
 Ensigns of Wrath before Him came;
 Devouring Fire around Him glow'd,
 That Coals were kindled at its Flame.
- 7 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
 While Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
 Beneath his Feet substantial Night
 Was like a sable Carpet spread.
- 8 The Chariot of the KING of Kings,
 Which active Troops of Angels drew,
 On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings
 With glowing Wheels impetuous flew.
- 9 Black wat'ry Mists and Clouds conspir'd
 With thickest Shades his Face to veil;
 But at his Brightness soon retir'd,
 And fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
- 10 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring
 God's angry Voice did loudly roar; [Peal
 While Earth's sad Face with Heaps of Hail,
 And Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

P A R T III.

- 11 GREAT God, when thy fierce Fury
 Distracted Nature trembling lay; [storm'd;
 And the unfathom'd Deep, deform'd
 Through horrid Ruptures, felt the Day.
- 12 The Sea's old Parent-Springs appear'd,
 And the great World's Foundations torn;
 The tott'ring Hills their Dooms-day fear'd,
 By thy impetuous Wrath o'erborne.

- 13 To me yet was his Love engag'd,
His Brow with softer Glory shin'd;
He sav'd me from the Gulphs enrag'd,
And all the greedy Floods combin'd.
- 14 His gracious Arm still rescues me
From all my Foes' insulting Hate;
That Arm, which me alone can free,
And their prevailing Force abate.
- 15 Their Rage my saddest Moments watch'd,
But GOD was then my Guard, my Stay;
He lov'd, He lov'd my Soul, and snatch'd
From hungry Jaws the fainting Prey.

P A R T IV.

- 16 JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great ROCK of my secure Abode:
Who is a God beside the LORD?
Or where's a Refuge like our GOD?
- 17 'Tis He that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to wield;
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.
- 18 He lives (and blessed be my ROCK),
The GOD of my Salvation lives:
The dark Designs of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my FATHER gives.
- 19 Before the Scoffers of the Age,
I will exalt my FATHER's Name;
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

- 20 To *David* and his royal Seed
 Thy Grace for ever shall extend :
 Thy Love to Saints in CHRIST their Head,
 Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

P S A L M XIX. Metre i.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty Sky
 Declares its Maker GOD,
 And all his starry Works on high
 Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.
- 2 The Darknefs and the Light
 Still keep their Course the same;
 While Night to Day, and Day to Night,
 Divinely teach his Name.
- 3 In ev'ry different Land
 Their gen'ral Voice is known ;
 They shew the Wonders of his Hand,
 And Orders of his Throne.
- 4 His Laws are just and pure,
 His Truth without Deceit,
 His Promises for ever sure,
 And his Rewards are great.
- 5 ' Not Honey to the Taste
 Affords so much Delight,
 Nor Gold that has the Furnace pass'd
 So much allures the Sight.
- 6 While of thy Works I sing,
 Thy Glory to proclaim,
 Accept the Praise, my GOD, my KING,
 In my REDEEMER's Name.

P A R T II.

7 BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way;
His Beams through all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

8 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner Light;
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

9 How perfect is thy Word!
And all thy Judgments just:
For ever sure thy Promise, LORD,
And Men securely trust.

10 I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

11 Warn me of ev'ry Sin;
Forgive my secret Faults;
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

12 While with my Heart and Tongue
I spread thy Praise abroad;
Accept the Worship and the Song,
My SAVIOUR and my GOD!

P S A L M XIX. Metre ii.

1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, LORD,
In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines:
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

- 2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confess;
But the blest Volume Thou hast writ
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.
- 3 Sun, Moon, and Stars, convey thy Praise
Round the whole Earth, and never stand:
So when thy Truth began its Race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run:
Till CHRIST has all the Nations blest
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.
- 5 Great SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, arise,
Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise,
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest Wonders here we view
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n;
LORD, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

P S A L M XIX. Metre iii,

- 1 **T**HE spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
- 2 Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry Land,
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

- 3 Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth :
- 4 While all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from *Pole to Pole*.
- 5 What though, in solemn Silence, All
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball ?
What though nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found ?
- 6 In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The HAND that made Us is DIVINE."

P S A L M XIX. Metre iv.

- 1 **G**OD the Heav'ns aloud proclaim
Through their wide extended Frame,
And the Firmament each Hour
Speaks the Wonders of his Pow'r.
- 2 Night to Night, and Day to Day,
Joys the Notice to convey ;
Earth the Heav'n-taught Knowledge boasts
Through her many-languag'd Coasts.
- 3 While the Sun above her Head
Sees his Tabernacle spread,
And from out his Chamber bright,
Like a Bridegroom, springs to Sight.

- 4 See him, with gigantic Pace,
Joyous, run his destin'd Race ;
And to all, with welcome Ray,
Life and genial Warmth convey.
- 5 Warmth and Life each thankful Heart
Feels thy Word, great GOD, impart ;
Which the childlike Mind explores,
And to heav'nly Science soars.
- 6 Preft with Sorrows, Doubts, and Fears,
What like this the Spirit cheers ?
Taught by this, thy Servant's Breast
Joys thy Blessings to attest.

P A R T II.

- 7 BEST INSTRUCTOR, from thy Ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Purge me from the Guilt that lies
Wrapt within my Heart's Disguise.
- 8 Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous Sin exclude :
So my Lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the Men of impious Mind.
- 9 Let my Tongue, from Error free,
Speak the Words approv'd by Thee ;
To thy all-observing Eyes
Let my Thoughts accepted rise.
- 10 While I thus thy Name adore,
And thy healing Grace implore,
Blest REDEEMER, bow thine Ear,
GOD my Strength, propitious hear.

P S A L M XX.

1 **N**OW may the GOD of Pow'r and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry!
JEHOVAH hears when *Israel* prays,
And brings Deliv'rance from on High.

2 The Name of *Jacob's* GOD defends,
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He, from his Sanctuary, sends
Succour and Strength, when *Zion* calls.

3 Well he remembers all our Sighs;
His Love exceeds our best Deserts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

4 Some trust in Horses train'd for War,
And some of Chariots make their Boasts;
Our surest Expectations are
From THEE, the LORD of heav'nly Hosts.

5 Now save us, LORD, from slavish Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and strong,
Till thy Salvation shall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

P S A L M XXI.

1 **H**OW great is the MESSIAH's Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
LORD, Thou hast rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

2 Thy Goodness grants whate'er He will,
Nor doth the least Request withhold;
Blessings of Love prevent him still,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.

- 3 Honour and Majesty divine
Around his sacred Temples shine;
Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlasting Days.
- 4 Thine Hand shall find out all his Foes,
And as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So shall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

P S A L M XXII.

- 1 " **W**HY has my God my Soul forsook,
" Nor will a Smile afford?"
(Thus *David* once in Anguish spoke,
And thus our dying LORD.)
- 2 'Though 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints,
Yet Thou canst hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.
- 3 Shaking the Head they pass me by,
And laugh my Soul to scorn;
" In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
" Neglected and forlorn."
- 4 But Thou art He who form'd my Flesh
By thine Almighty Word;
And since I hung upon the Breast,
My Hope is in the LORD.

P A R T II.

- 5 ONCE did our suffering SAVIOUR pray,
With mighty Cries and Tears;
GOD heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.

- 6 Great was the Vict'ry of his Death ;
 His Throne exalted high ;
 And all the Kindreds of the Earth
 Shall worship, or shall die.
- 7 A num'rous Offspring must arise
 From his expiring Groans ;
 They shall be reckon'd in his Eyes
 For Daughters and for Sons.
- 8 The meek and humble Souls shall see
 His Table richly spread :
 And all that seek the LORD shall be
 With Joys immortal fed.
- 9 The Isles shall know the Righteousness
 Of our incarnate God ;
 And Nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in his Blood.

P S A L M XXIII. Metre i.

- 1 **T**HE LORD my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supply'd ;
 Since He is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the Place
 Where heav'nly Pasture grows ;
 Where living Waters gently pass,
 And full Salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my Soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in his own right Way,
 For his most holy Name.

- 4 While he affords his Aid,
I cannot yield to Fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My SHEPHERD's with me there.
- 5 In Sight of all my Foes,
Thou dost my Table spread,
My Cup with Blessings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.
- 6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy House will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

P S A L M XXIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **M**Y SHEPHERD will supply my Need,
JEHOVAH is his Name;
In Pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living Stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring Spirit back,
When I forsake his Ways;
And leads me, for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.
- 3 When I walk through the Shades of Death,
Thy Presence is my Stay;
A Word of thy supporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.
- 4 Thy Hand, in Sight of all my Foes,
Doth still my Table spread;
My Cup with Blessings overflows;
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

5 The sure Provisions of my God
Attend me all my Days ;
O may thy House be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praise.

6 There would I find a settled Rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Guest,
But like a Child at Home.

P S A L M XXIII. Metre iii.

1 **M**Y SHEPHERD is the living LORD ;
Now shall my Wants be well supply'd:
His Providence and holy Word
Become my Safety and my Guide.

2 In Pastures where Salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake,
But He restores my Soul to Peace ;
And leads me for his Mercy's Sake
In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy Vale,
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
For GOD my SHEPHERD's with me there.

5 Amidst the Darkness and the Deeps
Thou art my Comfort, Thou my Stay ;
Thy *Staff* supports my feeble Steps,
Thy *Rod* directs my doubtful Way.

6 The Sons of Earth and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodness, and repine
To see my Table spread so well
With living Bread and cheerful Wine.

7 How I rejoice, when on my Head
Thy SPIRIT condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine Anointing, shed
Like Oil of Gladness at a Feast.

8 Surely the Mercies of the LORD
Attend his Household all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To seek his Face, and sing his Praise.

P S A L M XXIII. Metre iv.

1 **T**O thy Pastures, fair and large,
Heav'nly SHEPHERD, lead thy Charge;
And my Couch, with tend'rest Care,
Midst the springing Grass prepare.

2 When I faint with Summer's Heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary Feet
To the Streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant Meadows flow.

3 Thou my Soul anew shalt frame,
And thy Mercy to proclaim,
When through devious Paths I stray,
Teach my Steps the better Way.

4 Safe the dreary Vale I tread,
By the Shades of Death o'erspread,
With thy Rod and Staff supply'd,
This my Guard, and that my Guide.

- 5 Thou my plenteous Board hast spread,
 Thou with Oil refresh'd my Head ;
 Fill'd by Thee my Cup o'erflows,
 For thy Love no Limit knows.
- 6 Constant to my latest End
 Thou my Footsteps shalt attend ;
 And shalt bid thy hallow'd Dome
 Yield me an eternal Home.

P S A L M XXIII. Metre v.

- 1 **T**HE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's Care,
 His Presence shall my Wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful Eye ;
 My Noon-Day Walks He shall attend,
 And all my Midnight Hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
 To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads
 My weary wand'ring Steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant Landskip flow.
- 3 Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy Horrors overspread ;
 My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
 For Thou, O LORD, art with me still :
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful Shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged Way
 Through devious, lonely Wilds I stray ;

Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
 The barren Wilderness shall smile
 With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
 And Streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIV. Metre i.

1 **T**HE Earth for ever is the LORD's,
 With *Adam's* num'rous Race;
 He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods,
 And built it on the Seas.

2 But who among the Sons of Men
 May visit thine Abode?—
 He that has Hands from Mischief clean,
 Whose Heart is right with God.

3 This is the Man may rise and take
 The Blessings of his Grace:
 This is the Lot of those that seek
 The GOD of *Jacob's* Face.

P A R T II.

4 NOW let our Souls immortal Pow'rs
 To meet the LORD prepare:
 Lift up your Heads, eternal Doors!
 The KING OF GLORY's near.

5 Who is the King of Glory? who
 His wondrous Name can tell?
 The LORD OF HOSTS who dwelt below,
 And conquer'd Sin and Hell.

6 JESUS, the GOD of boundless Might,
 Whom Heav'n and Earth obey;
 Lift up your Heads, ye Gates of Light,
 Eternal Doors, give Way!

- 7 Who is the King of Glory? who?
 The LORD OF HOSTS renown'd:
 Glory to HIM alone is due,
 Who is with Glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXIV. Metre ii.

- 1 **T**HE Earth and all her Fulness owns
 JEHOVAH for her sov'reign LORD:
 The countless Myriads of her Sons
 Rose into Being at his Word.
- 2 His Word did out of Nothing call
 The World,—and founded All that is;
 Built on the Floods this solid Ball,
 And fix'd it in the floating Seas.
- 3 But who shall quit this low Abode?
 Who shall ascend the heav'nly Place?
 And stand upon the Mount of GOD?
 And see his MAKER Face to Face?
- 4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure
 That blessed Portion shall possess:
 Him shall the LORD from Sin secure,
 And clothe and crown with Righteousness.
- 5 Such only form the chosen Choir
 Who seek the Face of *Jacob's* GOD;
 Whose Feet, with licens'd Step, aspire
 To visit *Sion's* blest Abode.

P A R T II.

- 6 OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
 Our SAVIOUR is gone up on high;
 The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

P S A L M XXIV.

41

- 7 There his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates!
Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!
- 8 Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal Scene:
He claims the Mansions as his Right,
Receive the KING OF GLORY in.
- 9 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The LORD that all his Foes o'ercame,
The *World, Sin, Death*, and *Hell* o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's Name.
- 10 Lo! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates!
Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!
- 11 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The LORD of glorious Power posselt;
The KING of Saints and Angels too,
GOD over All, for ever blest.

P S A L M XXV.

- 1 **I** LIFT my Soul to God,
My Trust is in his Name;
Let not my Foes, that seek my Blood,
Still triumph in my Shame.
- 2 Sin, and the Pow'rs of Hell
Persuade me to despair;
LORD, make me know thy Cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the Snare.

42 P S A L M XXV.

- 3 From the first dawning Light
Till the dark Ev'ning rise,
For thy Salvation, LORD, I wait
With ever-longing Eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth ;
Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.
- 5 The LORD is just and kind ;
The Meek shall learn his Ways ;
And ev'ry humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.
- 6 For his own Goodness' Sake
He saves my Soul from Shame ;
He pardons (tho' my Guilt be great)
Through my REDEEMER's Name.

P A R T II.

- 7 WHERE shall the Man be found
Who fears t' offend his God ?
Who loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod ?
- 8 The LORD shall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart ;
The Wonders of his Cov'nant show,
And all his Love impart.
- 9 The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy still,
With such as to his Cov'nant stand,
And love to do his Will.

- 10 Their Souls shall dwell at Ease
Before their MAKER's Face;
Their Seed shall taste the Promises
In their extensive Grace.

P A R T III.

- 11 MINE Eyes and my Desire
Are ever to the LORD;
I love to plead his Promises,
And rest upon his Word.
- 12 LORD, turn Thee to my Soul;
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand release my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare?
- 13 When shall the sov'reign Grace
Of my forgiving GOD
Restore me from those dang'rous Ways
My wand'ring Feet have trod?
- 14 Behold the Hofts of Hell!
How cruel is their Hate!
Against my Life they rise, and join
Their Fury with Deceit.
- 15 O-keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame!
For I have plac'd my only Trust
In my REDEEMER's Name.
- 16 With humble Feet I wait,
To see thy Face again;
Of *Israel* it shall ne'er be said,
"He fought the LORD in vain."

P S A L M XXVI. Metre i.

1 **B**E thou my Judge : thy searching Eyes
My Deeds and Thoughts have known;
On Thee my stedfast Soul relies,
Nor Fear of Lapse shall own.

2 O search me still ; my Heart, my Reins,
With strictest View survey :
Thy Love, great God, my Hope sustains,
Thy Truth directs my Way.

3 How oft, instinct with Warmth divine,
Thy Threshold have I trod !
How lov'd the Courts whose Walls enshrine
The Glory of my God !

4 O let me not the Vengeance share,
That waits the guilty Tribe,
Whose murd'rous Hands each Mischief dare,
And grasp the offer'd Bribe :

5 But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
The Path by Thee prepar'd,
Thy Beams of Mercy on my Head,
And round me plant a Guard.

6 Thou, LORD, my Steps hast fix'd aright,
And pleas'd shalt hear my Tongue
With *Israel's* favour'd Sons unite
To form the thankful Song.

P S A L M XXVI. Metre ii.

1 **J**UDGE me, O LORD, and prove my Ways,
And try my Reins, and try my Heart ;
My Faith upon thy Promise stays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.

P S A L M XXVI.

45

- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With Men of Vanity and Lies ;
The *Scoffer* and the *Hypocrite*,
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.
- 3 Among thy Saints will I appear,
With Hands well wash'd in Innocence ;
But when I stand before thy Bar,
The Blood of CHRIST is my Defence.
- 4 I love thy Habitation, LORD,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my Soul be join'd at last
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have past.
Among the Saints, and near my GOD.

P S A L M XXVII. Metre i.

- 1 **T**HE LORD of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too ;
GOD is my Strength ; nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.
- 2 One Privilege my Heart desires ;
O grant me an Abode
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my GOD !
- 3 There shall I offer my Requests,
And see thy Beauty still ;
Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
And there inquire thy Will.

C

- 4 When Troubles rise, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide;
God has a strong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around,
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple found.

PART II.

- 6 SOON as I heard my FATHER say
"Ye Children seek my Grace,"
My Heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's Face."
- 7 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away;
God of my Life, I fly to Thee
In a distressing Day.
- 8 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my Life his Care,
And all my Need supply.
- 9 My fainting Flesh had died with Grief,
Had not my Soul believ'd
To see thy Grace provide Relief,
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.
- 10 Wait on the LORD, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raise your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

P S A L M XXVII. Metre ii. [Light,

1 **T**HOU LORD, my Safety, THOU my
 What Danger shall my Soul affright?
 Strength of my Life! what Arm shall dare
 To hurt whom THOU hast own'd thy Care?
 Though gath'ring War around I see,
 I fix, secure, my Trust on THEE.

2 One Wish, with holy Transport warm,
 My Heart has form'd, and yet shall form:
 One Gift I ask;—that to my End
 Fair *Sion's* Courts I may attend;
 There, joyful, find a sure Abode,
 And view the Beauty of my God.

3 “Seek ye my Face with duteous Care,
 “And frequent to my Throne repair;”
 Thus to my Heart I hear Thee speak;
 “Thy Face, my Heart replies, I seek:”
 Nor Thou, to my desiring Eye,
 Thy Presence, heav'nly LORD, deny.

4 Adopted by thy Care, in Thee
 The PARENT and the FRIEND I see;
 O let me on thy Aid reclin'd,
 Thee still my great Salvation find,
 Nor leave me, helpless and forlorn,
 The Absence of thy Grace to mourn.

5 With patient Hope, with Mind sedate,
 On *Israel's* God expectant wait:
 Be strong, be steadfast:—So thy Heart
 Shall feel his Grace its Aid impart:
 Though press'd with Sorrow's heaviest Load,
 O fix thy Trust on *Israel's* God.

P S A L M XXVII. Metre iii.

1 **T**HE LORD my SAVIOUR is my Light,
 What Terrors can my Soul affright?
 While GOD my Strength, my Life is near,
 What potent Arm shall make me fear?

2 Should num'rous Hosts besiege me round,
 My steadfast Heart no Fear shall wound;
 Though War should rise in dread Array,
 GOD is my Strength, my Hope, my Stay.

3 This only Gift my Heart desires,
 For this my ardent Wish aspires,
 This will I seek with restless Care,
 Till GOD attend my humble Pray'r.

4 In his own House to spend my Days,
 My Life devoted to his Praise,
 There would my Soul his Beauties trace,
 And learn the Wonders of his Grace.

P A R T II.

5 **T**HOU sacred SPRING of all my Joys,
 Whene'er I raise my plaintive Voice,
 O let thy sov'reign Mercy hear,
 And answer all my humble Pray'r.

6 When Thou, with condescending Grace,
 Hast bid me seek thy smiling Face;
 My Heart reply'd to thy kind Word,
 Thee will I seek, all-gracious LORD.

7 Hide not from me thy blissful Ray,
 Nor angry frown my Hopes away;
 Thy saving Help has still been near,
 GOD of my Life renew thy Care.

- 8 Should ev'ry earthly Friend depart,
And Nature leave a Parent's Heart ;
The GOD on whom my Hopes depend,
Will be my Father, and my Friend.
- 9 O teach me, LORD, thy sacred Way,
Uphold my Steps, nor let me stray ;
While Enemies and Fears alarm,
Extend thy kind, thy Guardian-Arm.
- 10 Ye humble Souls, in ev'ry Strait
On GOD with sacred Courage wait ;
His Hand shall Life and Strength afford,
O wait continual on the LORD.

P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 **G**OD my Strength, to Thee I pray ;
Turn not Thou thine Ear away ;
Gracious to my Vows attend,
While the humble Knee I bend.
- 2 Give me not thy Wrath to know,
Nor to feel the vengeful Blow,
By thy just Decrees assign'd
To the Men of impious Mind.
- 3 On thy long-experienc'd Aid
See my Hope for ever stay'd ;
While my Heart, with Joy possess'd,
Leaps within my throbbing Breast.
- 4 Grant me, LORD, thy Love to share,
Feed me with a Shepherd's Care ;
Save thy People from Distress,
And thy Patrimony bless.

P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 **S**ING, ye Sons of Might, O sing,
Praise to Heav'n's eternal KING;
Pow'r and Strength to Him assign,
Bow before his hallow'd Shrine.
- 2 Hark ! his Voice in Thunder breaks ;—
Hush'd to Silence when He speaks,
Ocean's Waves, from Pole to Pole,
Hear the awful Accents roll.
- 3 See as louder yet they rise,
Echoing through the vaulted Skies ;
See, uprooted from its Seat,
Lebanon itself retreat !
- 4 Now the bursting Clouds give way,
And the vivid Lightnings play !
Now the Wilds, by Man untrod,
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God !
- 5 Prostrate on the sacred Floor,
Bow, ye Saints, his Name adore :
While his Acts, to ev'ry Tongue,
Yield its Argument of Song.
- 6 He the swelling Surge commands,
Fix'd his Throne for ever stands ;
He his People shall increase,
Arm with Strength, and bless with Peace.

P S A L M XXX. Metre i,

- 1 **I**'LL celebrate thy Praises, LORD,
Who didst thy Pow'r employ
To raise my drooping Head, and check
My Foe's insulting Joy.

- 2 Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his
With Songs of Praise repair ;
With me commemorate his Truth,
And providential Care.
- 3 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
His Favour no Decay ;
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
With Joy's returning Day.

P A R T II.

- 4 ONCE, blest'd with Peace, I boasting said
I ne'er should fall, nor move :
Thou, LORD, my Hill so strong hadst made
By thy surrounding Love.
- 5 Thy Face withdrawn, a thousand Cares
Disturb'd my tortur'd Breast :
Then I my God, with earnest Pray'rs
And fervent Cries, address'd.
- 6 " What Honours can my Blood to Thee,
" My Death what Trophies raise ?
" Can mould'ring Dust thy Glories see,
" Thy Truth or Goodness praise ?
- 7 " Hear, LORD, and pity him who mourns ;
" To my Assistance fly !"
Thy Love my Tears to Dancing turns,
My sable Weeds to Joy.
- 8 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
The Honours of thy Name ;
And, as thy Mercies ceaseless spring,
Thy ceaseless Praise proclaim.

P S A L M XXX. Metre ii.

- 1 **Y**E faithful Sons of *Israel*'s Name,
Your MAKER's Sanctity proclaim;
And, while his Mercies on your Breast
In sweet Memorial stand imprest,
To Him, in joyful Accents, raise
The Song of Gratitude and Praise.
- 2 How slow his Wrath ! how swift his Grace
Sends forth its life-imparting Rays !
Grief for a Night (unwelcome Guest)
Beneath our Roof perchance may rest,
But *Joy*, with the returning Day,
Shall wipe each transient Tear away.
- 3 As pleas'd I cast my Eyes around,
And view'd my Life with Blessings crown'd,
(While, safe in thy protecting Hand,
High on the Rock I took my Stand)
In Confidence of Soul I said,
" What Ills shall e'er my Peace invade ? "
- 4 But, instant, Thou thy Face hadst turn'd,
And prostrate on the Earth I mourn'd :
I mourn'd, and, O my GUARD, my GUIDE,
(With humbler Spirit thus I cry'd)
Thy Aid, my God, in Pity lend,
And gracious to my Plaints attend.
- 5 Again the Face of Joy I wear ;
Thy Hand, indulgent to my Pray'r,
(The Sackcloth from my Loins unbound)
With Mirth's fair Cincture wraps me round.
For this, through Life, my grateful Tongue
To Thee shall consecrate its Song.

P S A L M XXXI. Metre i.

- 1 **T**O Thee, the GOD of Truth,
My Life, and all that's mine,
(For Thou preserv'dst me from my Youth)
I willingly resign.
- 2 Those Mercies Thou hast shown,
I'll gratefully exprefs;
For Thou hast seen my Straits, and known
My Soul in deep Distress.
- 3 Whate'er Events betide,
Thy Wisdom times them all:
Beneath thy Wings thy Servant hide,
And guard me lest I fall.
- 4 The Brightness of thy Face
To me, O LORD, disclose;
And as thy Favours still increase,
Preserve me from my Foes.
- 5 How great thy Mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,
Which Thou, for those that trust thy Care,
Dost to the World proclaim!
- 6 Thou keep'st them in thy Sight,
From proud Oppressors free;
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
They are preserv'd by Thee.

P S A L M XXXI. Metre ii.

- 1 **G**OD of my Strength, the Wise, the Just,
To Thee my Spirit I intrust:
From Thee, when Terrors clos'd me round,
My Soul its full Redemption found.

- 2 Thy Mercy shall my Thanks employ,
For Thou my Theme, my Life, my Joy,
Hast call'd me thine, and bid me share
The Gifts of thy paternal Care.
- 3 O, how shall All who seek thy Love
The Fulness of thy Bounty prove!
And teach th' admiring World to see
How blest the Souls that trust in Thee!
- 4 Thy Saints, while Breath their Life prolongs,
At Distance from the Strife of Tongues,
Shall see thy Tabernacle spread
Its awful Splendors o'er their Head.
- 5 Be strong, be steadfast; so your Mind
From Him its full Support shall find;
Ye Saints that in his Care confide,
Nor own, nor ask a Help beside.

P S A L M XXXII. Metre i.

- 1 **H**APPY the Man to whom his God
No more imputes his Sin,
But wash'd in the REDEEMER'S Blood,
Hath made his Garments clean!
- 2 Happy beyond Expression he
Whose Debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty Bondage free,
He feels his Soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His Spirit hates Deceit and Lies,
His Words are all sincere;
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conscience clear.

- 4 While I my inward Guilt suppress'd,
No Quiet could I find ;
Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled Thoughts,
My secret Sins reveal'd ;
Thy pard'ning Grace forgave my Faults,
Thy Grace my Pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy Saints to pray ;—
When like a raging Flood
Temptations rise, our Strength and Stay
Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M XXXII. Metre ii.

- 1 **B**LEST is the Man, for ever bless'd,
Whose Guilt is pardon'd by his God ;
Whose Sins with Sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his SAVIOUR'S Blood.
- 2 Blest is the Man, to whom the LORD
Imputes not his Iniquities :
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works, but Grace relies.
- 3 From Guile his Heart and Lips are free ;
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that Righteousness
That hides and cancels all his Sins !
While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and shines.

P A R T II.

- 5 WHILE I keep Silence, and conceal
 My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
 What Torments doth my Conscience feel,
 What Agonies of inward Smart !
- 6 I spread my Sins before the LORD,
 And all my secret Faults confess ;
 Thy Gospel speaks a pard'ning Word,
 Thy HOLY SPIRIT seals the Grace.
- 7 For this shall ev'ry humble Soul
 Make swift Addresses to thy Seat :
 When Floods of strong Temptations roll,
 There shall they find a blest Retreat.
- 8 How safe beneath thy Wings I lie,
 When Days grow dark, and Storms appear !
 And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
 Shall guide me safe from ev'ry Snare.

P S A L M XXXIII. Metre i.

- 1 **L**ET all the Just, to God, with Joy,
 Their cheerful Voices raise ;
 For well the Righteous it becomes
 To sing glad Songs of Praise.
- 2 How faithful is the Word of God !
 His Works with Truth abound ;
 He Justice loves, and all the Earth
 Is with his Goodness crown'd.
- 3 By his Almighty Word at first
 The heav'nly Arch was rear'd :
 And all the beauteous Hosts of Light
 At his Command appear'd.

- 4 The swelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Store-house safe,
The wat'ry Treasures by.
- 5 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before Him trembling stand:
For when He spake the Word, 'twas made,
'Twas fix'd at his Command.
- 6 He scorns the angry Nations' Rage,
And breaks their vain Designs:
His Counsel stands through ev'ry Age,
And in full Glory shines.

P A R T II.

- 7 B L E S T is the Nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.
- 8 His Eyes, with infinite Survey,
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mould.
- 9 Kings are not rescu'd by the Force
Of Armies from the Grave;
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horse
Can the bold Rider save.
- 10 Vain is the Strength of Beasts or Men,
To hope for Safety thence;
But holy Souls from God obtain
A strong and sure Defence.

- 11 GOD is their Fear, and GOD their Trust:
 When Plagues or Famines spread,
 His watchful Eye secures the Just
 Among ten thousand Dead.
- 12 LORD, let our Hearts in Thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy Throne;
 For we have made thy Word our Choice,
 And trust thy Grace alone.

P S A L M XXXIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **O** Happy Nation, where the LORD
 Reveals the Treasure of his Word,
 And builds his Church, his earthly
 His Eye the *Heathen* World surveys, [Throne!
 He form'd their Hearts, He knows their Ways,
 But GOD their Maker is unknown.
- 2 Let Kings rely upon their Host,
 And of his Strength the Champion boast;
 In vain they boast, in vain rely;
 In vain we trust the brutal Force,
 Or Speed, or Courage of an Horse,
 To guard his Rider, or to fly.
- 3 The Eye of thy Compassion, LORD,
 Doth more secure Defence afford, [stand:
 When Death or Dangers threat'ning
 Thy watchful Eye preserves the Just,
 Who make thy Name their Fear and Trust,
 When Wars or Famine waste the Land.
- 4 In Sickneſs, or the bloody Field,
 Thou our Phyſician, Thou our Shield,

Send us Salvation from thy Throne.
 We wait to see thy Goodness shine;
 Let us rejoice in Help divine,
 For all our Hope is God alone.

P S A L M XXXIV. Metre i.

- 1 **T**Hrough all the changing Scenes of Life,
 In Trouble and in Joy,
 The Praises of my God shall still
 My Heart and Tongue employ.
- 2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till All that are distressed
 From my Example Comfort take,
 And charm their Grievs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the LORD with Me,
 With Me exalt his Name;
 When in Distress to Him I call'd,
 He to my Rescue came.
- 4 The Hosts of God encamp around
 The Dwellings of the Just;
 Deliv'rance He affords to All
 Who on his Succour trust.
- 5 O make but Trial of his Love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest'd they are, and only they,
 Who in his Truth confide.
- 6 Fear HIM, ye Saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his Service your Delight,
 He'll make your Wants his Care.

P S A L M XXXIV. Metre ii.

- 1 **T**HEE will I thank, and Day by Day
Form to thy Praise the joyful Lay;
From Morn to Eve the Song extend,
My GOD, my FATHER, and my FRIEND.
- 2 While pleas'd each Heart of humble Frame
Shall wake, great God, to hear thy Fame;
O come, your Voice triumphant raise,
And sing, with me, your Maker's Praise.
- 3 To Him my Soul disclos'd its Care;
He heard, and, present to my Pray'r,
(His faithful Buckler o'er me held)
Each Terror from my Breast dispell'd.
- 4 His Angel, nigh the just Man's Tent
Encamp'd, each Danger to prevent,
His sure Protection round him throws,
Though harness'd Hosts his Peace oppose.
- 5 O taste with me, O taste, and prove
The Blessings of his boundless Love;
And (fearless of Repulse or Shame)
The Promise of his Mercy claim.
- 6 Hail, SAVIOUR of the human Race!
Hail, FOUNTAIN of exhaustless Grace!
Thrice happy, who on THEE recline,
Nor own, nor ask a Help, but Thine.

P S A L M XXXV.

- [my Foes]
- 1 **P**LEAD THOU my Cause, O LORD:—
Let thy resistless Pow'r oppose;
Say to my troubled Soul, "In ME
"Thy Strength and sure Salvation see."

- 2 Thou see'st my Foes a Pit prepare,
And plant before my Steps their Snare ;
Thou see'st them urge (to Falsehood prone)
The Guilt my Breast has never known.
- 3 Yet I their Suff'rings oft lament,
Oft at thy Throne their Grievs present
(And find the Pray'r their Pride has spurn'd,
With Blessings on my Head return'd).
- 4 Nor feels the Son his melting Breast
With deeper Sense of Grief impress'd,
That grasps a dying Mother's Hand,
And waits to take her last Command.
- 5 Not such the Pity to me borne,
Ev'n Abjects my Abjection scorn !
How long wilt Thou, my God, how long
With patient Eye behold my Wrong ?
- 6 O let not my uninjur'd Foes
With speaking Eye, amidst my Woes,
As round they stand in close Array,
The Triumphs of their Heart betray.
- 7 But near me rang'd, with thankful Voice
Let ev'ry Friend to Truth rejoice ;
While, loudest in the Choir, my Tongue
To Notes of Praise shall tune its Song :
- 8 " Bles't be the Name of *Jacob's* LORD,
" The GOD by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
" Who joys his Servant's Cause to plead,
" And crowns with Peace his favour'd Head."

P S A L M XXXVI. Metre i.

1 **A**BOVE these Heav'ns' created Rounds,
Thy Mercies, LORD, extend;
Thy Truth outlives the narrow Bounds
Where Time and Nature end.

2 Safety to Men thy Goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the Beast;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
Thy Children choose to rest.

3 From Thee, when Creature-Streams run low,
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life shall flow,
And raise our Pleasures high.

4 Though all created Light decay,
And Death close up our Eyes,
Thy Presence makes eternal Day
Where Clouds can never rise.

P S A L M XXXVI. Metre ii.

1 **O**LORD, thy Mercy (my sure Hope)
The highest Orb of Heav'n transcends;
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope
Beyond the spreading Skies extends.

2 Thy Justice like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World sustains;
The whole Creation is thy Care.

3 Since of thy Goodness All partake,
With what Assurance should the Just
Thy sheltering Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection trust?

- 4 Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repast,
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With THEE the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Presence is eternal Day;
O let thy Saints thy Favour gain,
To upright Hearts thy Truth display.

P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **L**ET not the Sinner's Wealth or Might
The Envy of thy Soul excite:
Anon thine Eye shall see him fade,
Quick as the Flow'r or vernal Blade.
- 2 But thou thy Will to Heav'n's high LORD
(His TRUTH thy Trust, thy Rule his WORD)
Submit;—and nourish'd by his Hand
Inherit from his Gift the Land.
- 3 In Him delight, on Him depend;
Him choose thy GUIDE, thy WAY, thy END;
So shall his Love thy Wishes grant,
His Care anticipate thy Want.
- 4 He'll bid thy Acts, in Light serene,
Far as the rising Morn be seen;
Thy Justice, as the Noon of Day,
Diffusive, pour its cloudless Ray.
- 5 With patient Hope await his Will,
Nor let the Sight of prosp'rous Ill
Impel thee, with Disquiet vain,
His wise Disposals to arraign.

P A R T II.

6 WAIT but awhile; then look around :
 No more the impious Race are found ;
 Nor the proud Roof, nor wide Domain,
 The Mem'ry of their Lord retain.

7 But see the meek and pious Band
 (Advanc'd by God's Almighty-Hand)
 His Smiles obtain, and thence possess
 True Riches, with abundant Peace.

8 That God, ye Saints, whose Love ye seek,
 The Arm of lawless Pow'r shall break,
 And bid the Just protected stand
 Beneath the Shadow of his Hand.

9 Who know not THEE, great God, to dread
 (As Victims for the Slaughter fed)
 Consum'd by Heav'n's avenging Fire,
 Shall perish, and in Smoke aspire.

10 The Just, (blest Object of thy Love)
 Thou, LORD, wilt lead, his Path approve,
 Thy faithful Hand his Steps sustain,
 Nor falls he, but to rise again.

P A R T III.

11 FROM Ill recede ; to Good incline ;
 Seek TRUTH, and endless Life be thine :
 God shall refute th' Accuser's Tongue,
 And save thee from the Hand of Wrong.

12 Wait on thy GOD ; observe his Ways ;
 His Pow'r aloft thy Head shall raise ;
 And bid, before thy Sight, his Foe
 The Terrors of his Vengeance know.

P S A L M XXXVII.

65

- 13 The prosp'ring Sinner once I view'd ;
Strong as a healthful Tree he stood ;
I went, I came, and look'd again ;
I look'd ;—but sought his Place in vain.
- 14 Behold the Just, and mark his End ;
See Peace his Eve of Life attend ;
While on the Sinner's latest Hour
The Storms of heaviest Vengeance low'r.
- 15 To GOD the Just his Safety owes,
Him owns his Strength amidst his Woes,
Assur'd that He shall each defend,
Whose constant Hopes on HIM depend.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Spare me, LORD, nor o'er my Head
The Fulness of thy Vengeance shed ;
Pierc'd by thy Shafts, great GOD, I stand,
And feel the Pressure of thy Hand.
- 2 My Friends, and next Allies by Birth,
(Once kind Companions of my Mirth,
When wing'd with Health the Moments flew)
My Grievs with distant Horror view.
- 3 But Thou, best ADVOCATE, art nigh ;
On THEE, great GOD, my Hopes rely ;
O vindicate my Fame from Wrong,
And silence the reproachful Tongue.
- 4 Thou seest how prone to slip my Feet,
What Woes my Eyes incessant meet ;
Nor shuns my Soul its Guilt to own,
But sorrowing bows before thy Throne.

- 5 O let me (rais'd by THEE) no more
The Absence of thine Aid deplore ;
God of my Life, recede not far,
But haste, and make that Life thy Care.

P S A L M XXXIX. Metre i.

- 1 **T**EACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou MAKER of my Frame !
I would survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A Span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time ;
Man is but Vanity and Dust,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

- 3 See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their Noise is vain.

- 4 Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore ;
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From Creatures, Earth and Dust ?
They make our Expectations vain,
And disappoint our Trust.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Desires recall ;
I give my mortal Int'rest up,
And make my God my All.

P S A L M XXXIX. Metre ii.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY MAKER of my Frame;
Teach me the Measure of my Days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the Remnant to thy Praise.
- 2 My Days are shorter than a Span,
A little Point my Life appears;
How frail at best is dying Man!
How vain are all his Hopes and Fears!
- 3 Vain his Ambition, Noise and Show!
Vain are the Cares which rack his Mind;
He heaps up Treasures mix'd with Woe;
He dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler Portion mine!—
My GOD, I bow before thy Throne,
Earth's fleeting Treasure I resign,
And fix my Hope on Thee alone.
- 5 Save me by thy Almighty Arm
From all my Sins, and cleanse my Faults;
Then Guilt nor Folly shall alarm
My Soul—nor vex my peaceful Thoughts.
- 6 Beneath the chaf'ning of thy Hand,
Let not my Heart or Tongue repine;
But silent and submissive bend,
And bear the Stroke because 'tis thine.
- 7 SAVIOUR all-gracious, hear my cry,
Pity my Tears, and heal my Woe!
As were my Fathers, so am I,
A wretched Stranger here below.

68 P S A L M XXXIX.

8 O spare me, and my Strength restore,
Ere my few hasty Minutes flee ;
And when my Days on Earth are o'er,
Let me for ever dwell with Thee.

P S A L M XXXIX. Metre iii.

- 1 **O** Let me, heav'nly LORD, extend
My View to Life's approaching End,
And, lesson'd by thy Wisdom, learn
How soon my Fabric shall return
To Earth,—and in the silent Tomb,
Its Seat of lasting Rest assume.
- 2 What are my Days ! (a Span their Line)
And what my Age compar'd with thine!—
Our Life advancing to its Close,
While scarce its earliest Dawn it knows,
Swift like a fleeting Shade we run,
And Vanity and Man are one.
- 3 O how thy Chastisements impair
The human Form, however fair !
As when the fretting Moths consume
The Labour of the curious Loom,
The Texture fails, the Dyes decay,
And all its Lustre fades away.
- 4 GOD of my Fathers ! Here, as they,
I walk the Pilgrim of a Day,
A transient Guest, thy Works admire,
And instant to my Home retire ;
Where then shall I my Refuge see ?
On whom repose my Hope but Thee ?

- 5 Before thy Throne my Knees I bend ;
 To Thee my ceaseless Pray'rs ascend :—
 “ O spare me, LORD, awhile O spare,
 “ My Strength renew, my Heart prepare,
 “ Ere Life's short Circuit wander'd o'er,
 “ I perish, and am seen no more.”

P S A L M XL. Metre i.

- 1 **I** Meekly waited for the LORD,
 He bow'd to hear my Cry :
 He saw me resting on his Word,
 And brought Salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
 Where mourning long I lay ;
 And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
 Deep Bonds of miry Clay.
- 3 Firm on a Rock He made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful Tongue
 To praise the Wonders of His Hand,
 In a new thankful Song.
- 4 I'll spread His Works of Grace abroad ;
 The Saints with Joy shall hear,
 And Sinners learn to make my GOD
 Their only Hope and Fear.
- 5 How many are thy Thoughts of Love !
 Thy Mercies, LORD, how great !
 Nor Words nor Hours sufficient prove
 Their Numbers to repeat.

- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
 And Light and Peace depart;
 My GOD beholds my heavy Woe,
 And bears me on his Heart.

P A R T II.

- 7 THUS saith the LORD, "Your Work is vain,
 " Give your Burnt-Off'rings o'er;
 " In dying Goats and Bullocks slain
 " My Soul delights no more."
- 8 'Then spake the SAVIOUR, "Lo! I'm here,
 " My GOD, to do thy Will;
 " Whate'er thy sacred Books declare
 " Thy Servant shall fulfil.
- 9 "Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
 " I keep it near my Heart;
 " Mine Eyes are open'd with Delight
 " To what thy Lips impart."
- 10 Thus He reveal'd his FATHER's Grace,
 And thus his Truth He shew'd,
 And preach'd the Way of Righteousness
 Where great Assemblies stood.
- 11 His FATHER's Honour touch'd his Heart,
 He pity'd Sinners' Cries,
 And, to fulfil a SAVIOUR's Part,
 Was made a Sacrifice.
- 12 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
 Could wash the Conscience clean;
 But the rich Sacrifice He paid,
 Atones for all our Sin.

P S A L M XL. Metre ii.

- 1 **T**HE Wonders, LORD, thy Love hath wrought,
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.
- 2 No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt,
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But Thou hast set before our Eyes
An All-sufficient SACRIFICE.
- 3 Lo! thine eternal SON appears!
To thy Desire He bows his Ears,
Assumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work so hard.
- 4 "Behold, I come," (the SAVIOUR cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy Load
Of Sins; and do thy Will, my God.
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great Decree,
"'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me;
"I must fulfil the SAVIOUR's Part;
"And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.
- 6 "I'll magnify thy holy Law,
"And Rebels to Obedience draw,
"When on my Cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my Crown above the Sky:
- 7 "The SPIRIT shall descend, and show
"What Thou hast done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring World shall learn thy Grace,
"Thy Wisdom, and thy Righteousness."

P S A L M XL. Metre iii.

1 **W**ITH patient Hope my God I fought;
 He to his Suppliant's Want his
 In happiest Hour apply'd : [Thought
 He, from the dark and miry Pit,
 High on a Rock has rais'd my Feet,
 Nor fear my Steps to slide.

2 His Praise inspires my grateful Tongue,
 And dictates to my Lips a Song
 In Strains unheard before :
 Admiring Crowds his Work shall see,
 Their Strength on Him repose with Me,
 With Me his Name adore.

3 Blest who in Thee, great God, confide,
 Nor madly trust the Arm of Pride,
 And Helps which but betray.
 Thy Mercies, LORD, all Praise surmount,
 Nor Numbers can their Sum recount,
 Nor Words their Worth display.

P A R T II.

4 NO Sacrifice thy Love can win,
 Nor Offerings from the Stain of Sin
 Obnoxious Man shall clear :
 Thy Hand a mortal Frame prepares,
 (Thy Hand whose Signature it bears)
 And opes a willing Ear.

5 " And since the Blood of Victims slain,
 " And hallow'd Gifts, attempt in vain
 " T' avert th' Offender's Doom :
 " Myself th' Atonement will provide ;
 (Touch'd with our Woes, the SAVIOUR cry'd)
 " I come, my God, I come.

- 6 "Thy Book, by sacred Bards unroll'd,
 "My full Obedience has foretold
 "To thy myſterious Will :
 "His juſt Aſſent thy Servant gives,
 "Thy Words my Breſt with Joy receives,
 "My Hands with Zeal fulfil."

- 7 Great HELPER and REDEEMER, hear !
 O, inſtant in our Cauſe, appear
 With Tokens of thy Grace !
 Thy Blifs let All who ſeek Thee ſhare,
 And, taught thy Love, that Love declare
 In Songs of ceafeleſs Praise.

P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **B**LEST, who with gen'rous Pity glows,
 Who learns to feel Another's Woes,
 Bows to the Poor Man's Wants his Ear,
 And wipes the helpleſs Orphan's Tear :
 In ev'ry Want, in ev'ry Woe,
 Himſelf thy Pity, LORD, ſhall know.
- 2 Thy Love his Life ſhall guard ; thy Hand
 Give to his Lot the choſen Land ;
 Nor leave him in the dreadful Day
 To unrelenting Foes a Prey ;
 In Sickneſs Thou ſhalt raiſe his Head,
 And turn with tend'reſt Care his Bed.
- 3 O thankful bleſs th' Almighty LORD,
 The GOD by Jacob's Sons ador'd :
 His Fame, ere Time its Courſe began,
 O'er Heav'n's wide Region echoing ran ;
 To Him, through endless Ages, raiſe
 One Song of oft-repeated Praise.

P S A L M XLII. Metre i.

- 1 **A**S pants the *Hart* for cooling Streams,
When heated in the Chace,
So longs my Soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing Grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty Soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majesty divine !
- 3 Tears are my constant Food, while thus
Insulting Foes upbraid,
“ Deluded Wretch, where’s now thy God ?
“ And where his promis’d Aid ? ”
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul ?
Trust God, and He’ll employ
His Aid for thee ; and change these Sighs
To thankful Hymns of Joy.
- 5 When thy blest Presence, LORD OF LIFE,
Has once dispell’d the Storm ;
To Thee I’ll midnight Anthems sing,
And all my Vows perform.
- 6 God of my Strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn !
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos’d
To my Oppressor’s Scorn !
- 7 My Heart is pierc’d as with a Sword,
While thus my Foes upbraid,
“ Vain Boaster, where is now thy God ?
“ And where his promis’d Aid ? ”

- 8 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The Praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy Health's eternal SPRING.

P S A L M XLII. Metre ii.

- 1 **A**S pants the *Hart* for cooling Springs,
 So longs my Soul, O KING of Kings,
 Thy Face in near Approach to see,
 So thirsts, great Source of Life, for Thee.
 When shall I reach thy blest Abode?
 When meet the Presence of my God?
- 2 Thy Mercies, LORD, before my Eyes,
 Shall yet in sweet Remembrance rise;
 Though Deeps to boist'rous Deeps aloud
 Have call'd,—and from the bursting Cloud
 Their licens'd Rage the Storms have shed,
 And heap'd the Billows o'er my Head.
- 3 Yet 'midst the Storm and 'midst the Wave,
 Thy Love the Beams of Comfort gave:
 Thy Name to Rapture prompts my Tongue,
 My Joy by Day, by Night my Song:
 To Thee my Soul ascends in Pray'r,
 And in thy Bosom pours its Care.
- 4 Then why, my Soul, with Care oppress'd?
 And whence the Woes that fill my Breast?
 In all thy Cares, in all thy Woes,
 On God thy steadfast Hope repose;
 To Him my Thanks shall still be paid,
 My sure DEFENCE, my constant AID.

P S A L M XLII. Metre iii.

- 1 **A**S the poor *Hart*, tir'd in the Chace,
Pants for the cool, refreshing Flood,
So pants my Soul for Streams of Grace,
Thy cheering Visits, O my God.
- 2 For GOD my thirsty Spirit longs,
The sacred Spring of living Joy;
When shall I come with thankful Songs,
Before my GOD?—Divine Employ!
- 3 Thro' the sad Night and mournful Day,
My flowing Tears have been my Food;
While taunting Foes continual say,
“And where is now thy Saviour GOD?”
- 4 Yet will the LORD command his Care, [Eyes;
His Love (sweet Morn!) shall cheer mine
And, mix'd with Praise, my nightly Pray'r,
GOD of my Life, to Thee shall rise.
- 5 Why sinks my fainting Spirit down?
Why do my restless Passions mourn?
What, tho' my GOD a Moment frown,
His blissful Smile will yet return.
- 6 Then shall I spread his Pow'r abroad,
His Smile my drooping Hope shall raise;
My Light, my Health, my Saviour GOD,
Shall change my Sighs to Songs of Praise.

P S A L M XLIII.

- 1 **J**UST JUDGE of Heav'n, against my Foes
Do Thou assert my injur'd Right:
O set me free, my GOD, from those
That in Deceit and Wrong delight.

- 2 Let me with *Light* and *Truth* be blest,
Be Thou my Guide, and lead the Way,
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
And in thy sacred Temple pray.
- 3 Then will I there fresh Altars raise
To God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praise
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.
- 4 Why then cast down, my Soul, and why
So much oppress'd with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd State repair.

P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
When to our Ears our Fathers told
The Wonders of their Days.
- 2 How Thou didst build thy Churches here,
And make thy Gospel known;
Among them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the Day,
And, in a cheerful Throng,
Did Thousands meet to praise and pray,
And Grace was all their Song.
- 4 But now, chastiz'd by Thee, we stand
A Proverb to our Foes;
While fierce Derision claps the Hand,
And triumphs in our Woes.

- 5 Awake, arise, Almighty LORD !
 Why sleeps thy wonted Grace ?
 Why should we look like Men abhorr'd,
 Or banish'd from thy Face ?
- 6 Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
 Our SAVIOUR and our GOD ;
 We plead the Honours of thy Name,
 The Merits of thy Blood.

P S A L M XLV. Metre i.

- 1 **M**Y Heart doth take in Hand
 Some godly Song to sing ;
 The Praise that I shall shew therein,
 Pertaineth to the KING.
- 2 My Tongue shall be as quick
 His Honour to indite,
 As is the Pen of any Scribe
 That useth fast to write.
- 3 O fairest of all Men !
 Thy Lips with Grace are pure ;
 For GOD hath blessed Thee with Gifts
 For ever to endure.
- 4 About Thee gird thy Sword,
 O PRINCE of Might elect !
 With Honour, Glory, and Renown,
 Thou art most richly deckt.
- 5 Go forth with godly Speed,
 With Meekness, Truth, and Right ;
 And thy right Hand shall Thee instruct,
 In Works of dreadful Might.

- 6 Thy Arrows sharp and keen
 Their Hearts so sore shall sting,
 That they shall crouch and kneel to Thee,
 Yea, all thy Foes, O KING.
- 7 Thy royal Seat, O LORD,
 For ever shall remain ;
 Because the Sceptre of thy Realm
 Doth Righteousness maintain.
- 8 Wherefore thy holy Name
 All Ages shall record ;
 The People shall give Thanks to Thee
 For evermore, O LORD.

P S A L M XLV. Metre ii.

- 1 **E**XALTED by a blessed Thought,
 My Soul is on the Wing ;
 I speak, as by the SPIRIT taught,
 The Praise of CHRIST my KING.
- 2 My Lips are eager, and delight
 Glad Tidings to impart,
 As is the Pen of them that write
 With equal Ease and Art.
- 3 Thy Form is fairer than the Race
 Of Men from *Adam* sprung ;
 And GOD has giv'n eternal Grace
 To thy persuasive Tongue.
- 4 Ride on, Thou PRINCE of wondrous Might
 Gird on thy dreadful Sword !
 With Majesty, and glorious Light,
 And TRUTH's all-conqu'ring Word.

5 Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands;
 Thy Word of Grace shall prove
 A peaceful Sceptre in thy Hands,
 To rule thy Saints by Love.

6 Justice and Truth attend Thee still,
 But Mercy is thy Choice;
 And God, thy God, thy Soul shall fill
 With most peculiar Joys.

P S A L M XLV. Metre iii.

1 **N**OW be my Heart inspir'd to sing
 The Glories of my SAVIOUR-KING,
 JESUS the LORD; how heav'nly fair
 His Form!—How bright his Beauties are!

2 O'er all the Sons of human Race
 He shines with a superior Grace;
 Love from his Lips divinely flows,
 And Blessings all his State compose.

3 Dress Thee in Arms, most mighty LORD,
 Gird on the Terror of thy Sword!
 In Majesty and Glory ride,
 With Truth and Meekness at thy Side!

4 Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,
 Shall pierce the Foes of stubborn Heart:
 Or Words of Mercy kind and sweet
 Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

5 Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands,
 Grace is the Sceptre in thy Hands;
 Thy Laws and Works are just and right,
 Justice and Grace are thy Delight.

- 6 GOD, thine own GOD, has richly shed
His Oil of Gladness on thy Head,
And with his sacred SPIRIT blest
His first-born SON above the rest.

P A R T II.

- 7 THE KING of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majesty and Grace!
He comes with Blessings from above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.
- 8 At his right Hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in purest Gold;
The World admires her heav'nly Dress,
Her Robe of Joy and Righteousness.
- 9 He forms her Beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his Throne:
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State.
- 10 So shall the KING the more rejoice
In thee, the Fav'rite of his Choice;
Let Him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For He's thy MAKER and thy LORD.
- 11 O happy Hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair Palace in the Skies!
And all thy Sons (a numerous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign!
- 12 Let endless Honours crown his Head;
Let ev'ry Age his Praises spread;
While we with cheerful Songs approve
The Condescensions of his Love.

P S A L M XLVI. Metre i.

- 1 **G**OD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of sharp Distress invade;
Ere we can offer our Complaints,
Behold Him present with his Aid.
- 2 Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and bury'd there:
Convulsions shake the solid World,
Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,
In sacred Peace our Souls abide;
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling Tide.
- 4 There is a Stream, whose gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our God:
Life, Love, and Joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine Abode.
- 5 That sacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controls:
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.
- 6 *Sion* enjoys her MONARCH'S Love,
Secure against a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

P A R T II.

- 7 **L**ET *Sion* in her KING rejoice,
Though Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms rise;
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

- 8 The LORD of old for *Jacob* fought ;
 And *Jacob's* GOD is still our Aid ;
 Behold the Works his Hand has wrought !
 What Desolation He has made !
- 9 From Sea to Sea through all the Shores
 He makes the Noise of Battle cease :
 When from on high his Thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling World to Peace.
- 10 He breaks the Bow, He cuts the Spear ;
 Chariots He burns with heav'nly Flame :
 Keep Silence all the Earth ; and hear
 The Sound and Glory of his Name !
- 11 " Be still ; and learn that I am GOD !
 " I'll be exalted o'er the Lands ;
 " I will be known and fear'd abroad ;
 " But still my Throne in *Sion* stands."
- 12 O LORD of Hosts, Almighty KING !
 While we so near thy Presence dwell,
 Our Faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

P S A L M XLVI. Metre ii.

- 1 GOD' is our Refuge in Distress,
 A present Help when Dangers press ;
 In Him undaunted we'll confide :
 Tho' Earth were from her Centre tost,
 And Mountains in the Ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
- 2 A gentler Stream with Gladness still
 The City of our LORD shall fill,
 The royal Seat of GOD most high:

GOD dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.

- 3 In Tumults when the *Heathen* rag'd,
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their Pow'rs :
The LORD of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers' Guardian-GOD, and ours.

P S A L M XLVII.

- 1 **O** FOR a Shout of sacred Joy
To GOD the Sov'reign KING !
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

- 2 JESUS, our GOD, ascends on high :
His heav'nly Guards around
Attend him, rising through the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

- 3 While Angels shout and praise their KING,
Let Mortals learn their Strains ;
Let all the Earth his Honours sing ;
O'er all the Earth He reigns.

- 4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song,
Nor mock Him with a solemn Sound
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

- 5 In *Israel* stood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race ;
But now he calls the World his own,
And *Heathens* taste his Grace.

P S A L M XLVII.

85

- 5 The *British* Islands are the LORD's,
There *Abr'ham's* GOD is known,
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and
Submit before his Throne. [Swords,

P S A L M XLVIII. Metre i.

- 1 GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
And let his Praise be great:
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His most delightful Seat.
- 2 These Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.
- 3 In *Sion* GOD is known
A Refuge in Distress;
How bright has his Salvation shone
Through all her Palaces!
- 4 When *Kings* against her join'd,
And saw the LORD was there:
In wild Confusion of the Mind
They fled with trembling Fear.
- 5 When *Navies*, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our Peace;
He sends his Tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the Seas.
- 6 Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often seen,
How well our GOD secur'd the Fold,
Where his own Sheep have been.

- 7 In ev'ry new Distress
 We'll to his House repair ;
 We'll think upon his wondrous Grace,
 And seek Deliv'rance there.

P A R T II.

- 8 FAR as thy Name is known
 The World declares thy Praise ;
 Thy Saints, O LORD, before thy Throne,
 Their Songs of Honour raise.
- 9 With Joy let *Judah* stand,
 On *Sion's* chosen Hill ;
 Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
 And Counsels of thy Will,
- 10 Let Strangers walk around
 The City where we dwell,
 Compass and view thine holy Ground,
 And mark the Building well :
- 11 The Orders of thy House,
 The Worship of thy Court ;
 The cheerful Songs, the solemn Vows ;
 And make a fair Report.
- 12 How decent and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !
 Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
 And Rites adorn'd with Gold.
- 13 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die ;
 Will be our God while here below,
 And through Eternity.

P S A L M XLVIII. Metre ii.

1 **L**ORD! what our Ears long since have
 Our Eyes delighted trace, [known,
 Thy Love in long Succession shown
 To Salem's chosen Race.

2 Thrice blest Abode! whose ev'ry Tow'r
 By Thee supported stands,
 The God whose wide-extended Pow'r
 Th' ethereal Host commands.

3 When prostrate at thy hallow'd Shrine,
 Thy Mercies Each surveys,
 Transported with the View, we join
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

P A R T II.

4 **L**ET Sion's heav'n-devoted Mount,
 With Shouts of Triumph ring,
 And Judah's Daughters, pleas'd, recount
 The Judgments of her KING.

5 Go, walk her sacred Streets along,
 And let her Tow'rs be told;
 With curious Eye her Bulwarks strong,
 And beauteous Domes, behold.

6 So shall the fair Description last,
 Preserv'd in full Record,
 And tell what Glories once have grac'd
 The Seat of Jacob's LORD.

7 To Him our thankful Hearts shall bow,
 Nor own a GOD beside;
 To Life's last Period Him avow,
 The ever faithful Guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

1 **W**HY do the Proud insult the Poor,
And boast the large Estates they have?
How vain are Riches to secure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!

2 There the dark Earth and dismal Shade
Shall clasp their naked Bodies round;
That Flesh so delicately fed
Lies cold, and moulders in the Ground.

3 Like thoughtless Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat
The Saints shall in the Morning rise,
And find th' Oppressor at their Feet.

4 His Honours perish in the Dust,
His Pomp and Beauty, Birth and Blood:
That glorious Day exalts the Just
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

5 My SAVIOUR shall my Life restore,
And raise me from my dark Abode:
My Flesh and Soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever with my GOD.

P S A L M L.

1 **J**EHOVAH from his chosen Place [crown'd:
Shines forth, with matchless Beauty
He comes! devouring Flames his Face,
His Steps impetuous Storms surround.

2 From *East* to *West*, from Shore to Shore,
The dreadful Summons swiftly rolls;
His Voice, in Thunder's awful Roar,
At once th' affrighted World controls.

- 3 "Go, call my Saints together;—those
"Who in my Laws delight; and o'er
"Their Sacrifice my Cov'nant chose,
"And there to Me devoutly swore.
- 4 "Hear me, my People! *Israel*, hear!
"With thee the Cause I'll calmly plead:
"Lo! I the LORD OF HOSTS appear!
"The Mighty God, thy Sov'reign Head!
- 5 "Did I e'er call for Sacrifice?
"Or of thy sparing Hand complain?
"Or bid that constant Steams should rise
"From bleeding Bullocks, duly slain?
- 6 "Vain Trifles all!—Thy solemn Feasts,
"Thy Bullocks and thy Goats I scorn:
"The Forest-Herds are mine;—the Beasts
"Which on a thousand Hills are born.
- 7 "The feather'd Hosts, the Fowls are mine,
"And all the Doves which graze the Fields:
"If hungry, I'd not ask of thine;
"To Me the World its Plenty yields.
- 8 "Think'st thou the Flesh of Bulls I'd eat,
"Or Goats? Or drink their steaming Gore?
"No:—give Me Praise; my Praise repeat;
"My Grace, with Vows perform'd, implore.
- 9 "Then in the Time of Danger cry
"To Me; to Me thy Grievs display;
"And thou, when I to save thee fly,
"Just Honours to my Name shalt pay."

P A R T II.

- 10 THE LORD the JUDGE his Churches
Let Hypocrites attend and fear, [warns,
Who place their Hopes in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith nor Love their Care.
- 11 Vile Wretches dare rehearse his Name,
With Lips of Falsehood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 12 They watch to do their Neighbours Wrong,
Yet dare to seek their MAKER's Face;
They take his Cov'nant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuse his Grace.
- 13 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,
Defil'd with Lust, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practise ev'ry Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to GOD.
- 14 And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think He sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.
- 15 O dreadful Hour! when GOD draws near,
And sets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath their guilty Souls shall tear,
And no Deliv'rer dare to rise.

P S A L M LI. Metre i.

- I SHEW Pity, LORD; O LORD, forgive,
Let a repenting Rebel live:
Are not thy Mercies large and free?
May not a Sinner trust in THEE?

- 2 My Crimes are great, but not surpass
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace :
Great God, thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.
- 3 O wash my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
And make my guilty Conscience clean ;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.
- 4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess
Against thy Law, against thy Grace ;
LORD, should thy Judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in Death :
And if my Soul were sent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling Sinner, LORD,
Whose Hope, still hov'ring round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair.

P A R T II.

- 7 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin ;
And born unholy and unclean :
Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us All.
- 8 [Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death :
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart ;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.]

- 9 Behold I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The *Leprosy* lies deep within.
- 10 No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,
Nor Hyssop-Branch, nor sprinkling Priest,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can wash the dismal Stain away.
- 11 JESUS, my GOD, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone:
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
No *Jewish* Types could cleanse me so.
- 12 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease;
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

P A R T III.

- 13 O THOU that hear'st when Sinners cry,
Though all my Crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Memory from thy Book.
- 14 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin:
Let thy good SPIRIT ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.
- 15 I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
Thy holy Joys, my GOD, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

16 Though I have griev'd thy SPIRIT, LORD,
His Help and Comfort still afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

17 Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign Grace;
I'll lead them to my SAVIOUR'S Blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning GOD.

18 O may thy Love inspire my Tongue!
Salvation shall be all my Song;
And all my Pow'rs shall join to bless
The LORD my Strength and Righteousness.

P S A L M LI. Metre ii.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, good and kind
To praying Souls of humble Mind,
Ever attentive to the Sighs
That from repenting Bosoms rise,
Wash Thou my Stains.

2 'Tis thine, great GOD! 'tis thine alone,
To know and judge what I have done;
So shall thine awful Sentence be
From all Exception ever free
Of erring Men.

3 O may thy sacred Hyssop prove
The Pledge of reconciling Love!
Kind Father! Thou delight'st to save,
Then o'er my Soul let Mercy wave
The Branch divine.

- 4 So shall my Stains of deepest Dye
 Remove from thy severer Eye;
 Thy Love revive my fainting Heart,
 Thy Grace a heav'nly Life impart
 Through all my Frame.

P A R T II.

- 5 CREATE, O God! my Pow'rs anew,
 Make my whole Heart sincere and true;
 O cast me not in Wrath away,
 Nor let thy Soul-enliv'ning Ray
 Still cease to shine.
- 6 Restore thy Favour,—Bliss divine!
 Those heav'nly Joys that once were mine;
 Let thy own SPIRIT, kind and free,
 Uphold and guide my Steps to Thee,
 The Wand'rer's Home.
- 7 Then will I teach thy sacred Ways,
 With holy Zeal proclaim thy Praise;
 Till Sinners leave the dang'rous Road,
 Forake their Sins, and turn to God
 With Hearts sincere.
- 8 O cleanse my Guilt, and heal my Pain,
 Remove the Blood-polluted Stain;
 Then shall my Heart adoring trace,
 My SAVIOUR GOD, the boundless Grace
 That flows from Thee.

P A R T III.

- 9 Unclose these Lips to speak thy Name,
 So long seal'd up with Guilt and Shame,
 Thy glorious Acts shall then adorn
 My Song—and Ages yet unborn
 Adore thy Name.

10 Were sacred Victims thy Demand,
 I'd pour their Blood with joyful Hand;
 —No bleeding Goat thine Altar claims,
 No Sacrifice in hallow'd Flames
 Is thy Delight.

11 God's; Sacrifice, are Souls that mourn,
 With inward, deep Contrition torn:
 The broken Heart, repentant Sighs,
 O God, Thou never wilt despise
 Of wretched Man.

12 SAVIOUR of Men! Since Grace is thine,
 On *Sion's* Hill let Mercy shine;
 Glad Off'rings then prepar'd shall be,
 And each Oblation rise to Thee
 In Flames of Love.

P S A L M LII.

1 **W**HY, Tyrant, boasts thy Heart the
 To work a Brother's Woe? [Pow'r
 While God his Mercy bids each Hour
 In Streams unmeasur'd flow.

2 With Joy thy Tongue, to Falsehood prone,
 Its Venom deals around;
 Nor Razor, sharpen'd on the Stone,
 Inflicts so deep a Wound.

3 But soon the Just, with Awe possess'd,
 Shall view thy blasted Pride;
 And, from their fiercest Foe releas'd,
 Thy impious Boasts deride.

- 4 "Lo! there the Wretch in Trespas bold,
 "Who God's Support disdain'd,
 "And on his Heaps of treasur'd Gold
 "His frantic Hope sustain'd."

- 5 Fresh as the verdant *Olive*, I
 Within thy Court shall stand;
 And fix'd, indulgent LORD, rely
 On thy protecting Hand.

- 6 Thy Acts my Praise shall ever claim,
 Thy Name, amidst my Woes,
 (How grateful to thy Saints that Name!)
 My ev'ry Fear compose.

P S A L M LIII.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their Hearts profanely say
 "That all Religion's vain;
 "There is no God that reigns on high,
 "Or minds th' Affairs of Men."
- 2 From Thoughts so dreadful and profane
 Corrupt Discourse proceeds;
 And in their impious Hands are found
 Abominable Deeds.
- 3 The LORD from his celestial Throne
 Look'd down on Things below,
 To find the Man that sought his Grace,
 Or did his Justice know.
- 4 By Nature all are gone astray;
 Their Practice all the same;
 There's none that fears his MAKER's Hand;
 There's none that loves his Name.

- 5 Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In ev'ry Heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refines the Ground.

P A R T II.

- 6 A R E all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?
Do they not know her SAVIOUR rules,
And pities her Complaints?
- 7 They shall be seiz'd with sad Surprise;
For God's avenging Arm
Scatters the Bones of them, that rise
To do his Children Harm.
- 8 In vain the Sons of *Satan* boast
Of Armies in Array;
When God has first despis'd their Host,
They fall an easy Prey.
- 9 O for a Word from *Sion's KING*,
Her Captives to restore!
Jacob with All his Tribes shall sing,
And *Judah* mourn no more.

P S A L M LIV.

- 1 **T**HY Name my steadfast Heart avows;
Do THOU my injur'd Cause espouse,
And be thy Strength my Aid:
My Complaints, Almighty SAVIOUR, hear,
And let them by thy pitying Ear
With full Regard be weigh'd.
- 2 Oppressors from thy Fear estrang'd,
With Tyrants fierce, against me rang'd,
My guiltless Soul pursue:

But 'midst my Helpers Heav'n's high LORD
 Shall stand, and, faithful to his Word,
 Each adverse Power subdue.

- 3 O let my Heart (their Rage repell'd)
 Itself a willing Off'ring yield;
 To Thee its Praise shall flow,
 While to my Thought thy Mercies rise,
 That gave me, with admiring Eyes,
 To see my prostrate Foe.

P S A L M LV. Metre i.

- 1 **O** GOD, my REFUGE, hear my Cries,
 Behold my flowing Tears,
 For Earth and Hell my Hurt devise,
 And triumph in my Fears.
- 2 Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
 My Soul with Guilt they load,
 And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife,
 To shake my Hope in GOD.
- 3 With inward Pain my Heart-strings sound,
 I groan with ev'ry Breath;
 Horror and Fear beset me round,
 Among the Shades of Death.
- 4 O that I, like the gentle Dove,
 Could stretch my light-plum'd Wings!
 I'd fly, and make a long Remove
 From all these restless Things.
- 5 Let me to some wild Desert go,
 And find a peaceful Home,
 Where Storms of Malice never blow,
 Temptations never come.

P S A L M LV.

99

P A R T II.

- 6 BY Morning-Light I'll seek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry,
The Night shall hear me ask his Grace,
Nor will He long deny.
- 7 GOD shall preserve my Soul from Fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand Angels must appear,
If He command their Aid.
- 8 I cast my Burdens on the LORD,
The LORD sustains them all;
My Courage rests upon his Word,
That Saints shall never fall.
- 9 My highest Hopes shall not be vain,
My Lips shall spread his Praise;
While cruel and deceitful Men
Scarce live out half their Days.

P S A L M LV. Metre ii.

- 1 **O** HEAR my Voice, All-potent SIRE,
Nor distant from my Pray'r retire,
Whose Accents to thine Ear impart
The Anguish of my heaving Heart. [tray'd,
- 2 A Crowd, whose Thoughts from Thee have
With Falsehood arm'd, my Peace invade;
And Griefs and Tears, that shun Control,
Shake to its inmost Depth my Soul.
- 3 "O who shall give me" (thus my Breast
Its vain Inquietude express'd) [Air
"The Dove's light Wing, that through the
"A wretched Fugitive may bear?"

- 4 "How would I mount the wafting Wind,
 "How leave the wrathful Storms behind!
 "And in the Desert's lone Retreat,
 "Contented, fix my lasting Seat!"
- 5 But GOD (my only Refuge) Ho
 From each Distress my Soul shall free;
 With fervent Lips, to Him I'll pray
 At Dawn, at Noon, at Close of Day.
- 6 O cast thee fearless on thy GOD;
 He (strong to save) the grateful Load
 Within his soft'ning Arms shall bear,
 And feed thee with a Parent's Care.

P S A L M LVI.

- 1 **O** THOU whose Justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' Oppressor cease,
 Behold how envious Sinners try
 To vex and break my Peace.
- 2 The Sons of Violence and Lies
 Join to devour me, LORD;
 But as my hourly Dangers rise,
 My Refuge is thy Word.
- 3 In GOD most Holy, Just, and True,
 I have repos'd my Trust;
 Nor will I fear what Flesh can do,
 The Offspring of the Dust.
- 4 They wrest my Words to Mischief still,
 Charge me with unknown Faults;
 Mischief doth all their Counsels fill,
 And Malice all their Thoughts.

- 5 Shall they escape without thy Frown?
Must their Devices stand?
O cast the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand.

P A R T II.

- 6 GOD counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;—
THOU hast a *Book* for my Complaints,
A *Bottle* for my Tears.
- 7 When to thy Throne I raise my Cry,
The Wicked fear and flee;
So swift is Pray'r to reach the Sky,
So near is GOD to me.
- 8 In Thee, most Holy, Just, and True,
I have repos'd my Trust;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Dust.
- 9 Thy solemn Vows are on me, LORD,
Thou shalt receive my Praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy Word!
"How righteous all thy Ways!"
- 10 Thou hast secur'd my Soul from Death;
O set thy Pris'ner free:
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

P S A L M LVII.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundless Love and Grace un-
known;
Hide me beneath thy spreading Wings,
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

- 2 Up to the Heav'ns I send my Cry,
The LORD will my Desires perform;
He sends his Angel from the Sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning Storm.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell!
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.
- 4 My Heart is fix'd; my Song shall raise
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to sound his Praise!
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame!
- 5 High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns;
And reaches to the utmost Sky;
His Truth to endless Years remains,
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell!
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII.

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye despise the righteous Cause,
When th' injur'd Poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'scape secure, [Hands?
While Gold and Greatness bribe your
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heav'ns his Justice reigns;

Yet you invade the Rights of God,
And send your bold Decrees abroad,
To bind the Conscience in your Chains.

- 3 Th' ALMIGHTY thunders from the Sky!
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow dissolve and run;
Or Snails that perish in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births that never see the Sun.

- 4 Thus shall the Vengeance of the LORD
Safety and Joy to Saints afford;
And All that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Sufferings well repay."

P S A L M LIX.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O LORD, my gracious God,
From my determin'd Foes;
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
To theirs who me oppose.

- 2 On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
For Succour I depend:
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
Who only canst defend.

- 3 Thy Mercy, LORD, which has so oft
From Danger set me free,
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
My haughty Foes to me.

- 4 Early will I thy Mercy sing,
 Thy wondrous Pow'r confess;
 For Thou hast been my sure DEFENCE,
 My REFUGE in Distress.
- 5 To Thee, with never-ceasing Praise,
 O God, my Strength, I'll sing:
 Thou art my GOD, the ROCK from whence
 My Health and Safety spring.

P S A L M LX.

- 1 **R**EPULS'D, dispers'd, chastis'd by Thee,
 O grant us, LORD, thy Face to see;
 And let the People, once thy Care,
 Again thy fav'ring Presence share.
- 2 How trembles this divided Land
 Beneath the Terrors of thy Hand!
 O THOU, the GOD whom we adore,
 Its Breaches heal, its Peace restore.
- 3 Thy just Decrees to *Israel's* Eyes
 Have bid a Scene of Sorrow rise;
 And to his pallid Lips the Wine
 Of dire Astonishment consign.
- 4 Yet see, thine Hands a Standard rear;
 Beneath it Each, who owns thy Fear,
 (Engag'd in TRUTH's neglected Cause)
 His Sword, secure of Conquest, draws.
- 5 Such, Objects of thy tend'rest Love,
 Defend, propitious, from above;
 Let Me with them thy Mercy share,
 And hear, O hear my ceaseless Pray'r!

PSALM LXI. Metre i.

1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with Grief,
My Heart within me dies;
Helpless and far from all Relief,
To Heav'n I lift mine Eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my Head;
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

2 Within thy Presence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'r of my Defence,
The REFUGE where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the Lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless Life be their Reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXI. Metre ii.

1 **O**PPRESS'D with Grief, in Exile lost,
To THEE, from *Israel's* utmost Coast,
My Voice, eternal GOD, I send;
O hear my Plaint; my Pray'r attend.

2 High on the Rock my Fortress rear,
There let me stand unmov'd, and hear
The Storms (that now around me beat)
At Distance roll beneath my Feet.

3 Thee, LORD, I seek, whene'er my Foes
With dire Intent my Path inclose;
And own Thee, in the dang'rous Hour,
My steadfast HOPE, my strongest Tow'r.

- 4 Remote from Fear, within thy Shrine,
 Thou, LORD, my Dwelling shalt assign;
 Thy Wings shall wrap me in their Shade;
 Thou, Thou hast heard me when I pray'd.
- 5 Thus shall thy Love awake my Song,
 Thy Name the willing Note prolong,
 While warm'd with Zeal, my Vows I pay,
 And blest Thee to my latest Day.

P S A L M LXII. Metre i.

- 1 **M**Y Spirit looks to GOD alone;
 My Rock and Refuge is his Throne;
 In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
 My Soul for his Salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
 Pour out your Hearts before his Face:
 When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient Aid.
- 3 False are the Men of high Degree,
 The baser Sort are Vanity;
 Laid in the Balance, both appear
 Light as a Bubble in the Air.
- 4 Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
 Nor set your Hearts on glitt'ring Dust;
 Why will you grasp the fleeting Smoke,
 And not believe what GOD hath spoke?
- 5 Once hath his awful Voice declar'd,
 Once and again my Ears have heard,
 "All Pow'r is his eternal Due;
 "He must be fear'd and trusted too!"

- 6 For sov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
 Grace is a Partner of the Throne;
 Thy Grace and Justice, mighty LORD,
 Shall well divide our last Reward.

P S A L M LXII. Metre ii.

- 1 **M**Y Soul in GOD its rest has found;
 When various Grievs beset me round,
 His Love shall sure Deliv'rance yield;
 By Him thro' Life I walk upheld,
 And safe from Lapse my Course maintain,
 Or, falling, trust to rise again.
- 2 How long, Artificers of Ill,
 Shall Schemes of Death employ your Skill?
 Vain are the Wiles for him prepar'd [guard,
 Whom Heav'n's high LORD vouchsafes to
 And (crown'd with Honours from above)
 Proclaims the Object of his Love.
- 3 Thee, LORD, my Glory, Thee alone,
 My Rock, my Health, my Strength, I own:—
 Ye Tribes in GOD your Help behold,
 To Him with me your Hearts unfold;
 Each Want confess, each Grief reveal;
 For who, O who like Him can heal?
- 4 O Vanity, thy Name is MAN,
 Where'er the human Mind we scan;—
 Trust not in Wrong and Fraud;—no more
 On Hope's light Wing presumptuous soar;
 Nor let the glitt'ring Heap impart
 One Wish to thy deluded Heart.

- 5 Once from his Throne th' ALMIGHTY spake,
 And forth again the Accents brake :—
 “ I claim the universal Sway,
 “ And those whose Hearts my Will obey
 “ (Since Pow'r in Me with Mercy's join'd)
 “ The promis'd Crown of Life shall find.”

P S A L M LXIII. Metre i.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my Tongue
 This Joy, to call Thee mine ;
 And let my early Cries prevail
 To taste thy Love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting Soul
 Thy Mercy doth implore ;
 Not Travellers, in Desert-Lands,
 Can pant for Water more.
- 3 Within thy Churches, LORD,
 I long to find a Place ;
 Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
 And feel thy quick'ning Grace.
- 4 For Life, without thy Love,
 No Relish can afford ;
 No Joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the LORD.
- 5 To Thee I'll lift my Hands,
 And praise Thee while I live ;
 Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
 Such Food or Pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful Hours of Night,
 I call my GOD to mind ;
 I think how wise thy Counsels are,
 And all thy Dealings kind.

- 7 Since Thou hast been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful Hope relies.
- 8 The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps :
I follow where my FATHER leads,
And He supports my Steps.

P S A L M LXIII. Metre ii.

1 **E**ARLY, my God, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face :
My thirsty Spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering Grace.

2 So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand,
Beneath a burning Sky,
Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy Glory, and thy Pow'r,
Through all thy Temples shine ;
My God, repeat that Heav'nly Hour,
That Vision so divine !

4 Not all the Blessings of a Feast
Can please my Soul so well,
As when thy richer Grace I taste,
And in thy Presence dwell.

5 Not Life itself, with all her Joys,
Can my best Passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

- 6 Thus, till my last expiring Day,
 I'll bless my GOD and KING;
 Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
 And tune my Lips to sing.

P A R T II.

- 7 'Twas in the Watches of the Night,
 I thought upon thy Pow'r:
 I kept thy Faithfulness in Sight
 Amidst the darkest Hour.
- 8 My Flesh lay resting on my Bed,
 My Soul arose on high;
 "My God, my Life, my Hope," I said,
 "Bring thy Salvation nigh."
- 9 My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
 And climbs the heav'nly Road;
 But thy Right-Hand upholds me still,
 While I pursue my GOD.
- 10 Thy Mercy stretches o'er my Head
 The Shadow of thy Wings;
 My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
 My Tongue awakes and sings.

P S A L M LXIII. Metre iii.

- 1 GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim,
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest:
 The Glories that compose thy Name,
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
 Thou art my FATHER and my GOD;
 And I am Thine by sacred Ties:
 Thy Son, thy Servant, bought with Blood.

P S A L M LXIII.

111

- 3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
For THEE I long, to THEE I look;
As Travellers, in thirsty Lands,
Pant for the cooling Water-Brook.
- 4 With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;
Oft have I seen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of sov'reign Grace.
- 5 Nor Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taste,
Nor all the Joys our Senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful Passions so.
- 6 My Life itself, without thy Love,
No Taste of Pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the LORD.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful Hours of Night,
When busy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreshment to my Bed.
- 8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praise:
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

P S A L M LXIII. Metre iv.

- 1 **T**HOU art my God, to Thee my Eyes
I lift ere yet the Dawn arise;
With sacred Thirst, O LORD, I burn;
My Heart, my Flesh, thine Absence mourn,
As o'er th' inhospitable Way
Amidst a barren Waste I stray.

- 2 Yet here, by heav'nly Wisdom led,
Expectant wait, till o'er my Head
Thy Beams in mild Effulgence play,
And turn my Darknes into Day :
Those Beams which oft my Eyes beheld
Within thy Temple, LORD, reveal'd.
- 3 Thy Love my Lips shall ever tell,
(Can Life itself that Love excel ?)
Nor cease, while Breath prolongs my Days,
In thankful Notes the Hymn to raise :
To Thee thy Servant, LORD, as now,
His Hands shall rear, his Knees shall bow.
- 4 Safe in the Shadow of thy Wings,
In Thee I joy, O KING OF KINGS !
When Dangers threaten to devour,
(Superior to each adverse Pow'r)
Thine Arm extends the Help divine,
And long Experience calls it Mine.

P S A L M LXIII. Metre v.

- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious GOD, to Thee
My Morning Pray'r shall offer'd be,
For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant :
My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreshing Waters want.
- 2 O to my longing Eyes once more,
That View of glorious Pow'r restore,
Thy Presence in thy House displays ;
Because to me thy wondrous Love
Than Life itself does dearer prove,
My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.

- 3 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
My Soul's Content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.
- 4 When down I lie, sweet Sleep to find,
Thou, LORD, art present to my Mind,
And when I wake in Dead of Night;
Because Thou still dost Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,
I rest with Safety and Delight.

P S A L M LXIV.

- 1 **T**HY Suppliant's Voice propitious hear;
My Life, blest LORD, from hostile
Secure,—while Men my Soul pursue, [Fear
And hide, O hide me from their View.
- 2 Behold the slaughter-breathing Throng
Whet, as a Sword, their baleful Tongue,
And Words, as Arrows keen, prepare,
That, wing'd with Death, fly through the Air.
- 3 Ah! Wretches, whither will ye fly?
Behold the Arrow from on high
Descend,—that bears upon its Wing
The Wrath of Heav'n's offended KING!
- 4 Each Heart shall own, with rev'rent Thought,
That THOU the Work, great GOD, hast
wrought,
While, rescu'd from their Rage, the Just,
Exulting, fix on Thee their Trust.

P S A L M LXV.

- 1 **T**HE Praise of *Sion* waits for Thee,
My GOD; and Praise becomes thy
There shall thy Saints thy Glory see, [House:
And there perform their public Vows.
- 2 O THOU, whose Mercy bends the Skies
To save, when humble Sinners pray;
All Lands to Thee shall lift their Eyes,
And Islands of the *Northen* Sea.
- 3 Against my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace shall purge away their Stain;
The Blood of CHRIST will never fail
To wash my Garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the Man whom Thou shalt choose,
And give him kind Access to Thee;
Grant him a Place within thy House,
To taste thy Love divinely free.

P A R T II.

- 5 O THOU, the Hope of human Race,
Of All whom Earth's wide Arms embrace,
Of All, who, tost by Tempests, sweep
The Surface of the pathless Deep.
- 6 In Thee they trust, who know't to rein
The Insults of the foaming Main,
Check the brute Waves that roar aloud,
And still the Madness of the Crowd.
- 7 Remotest Realms, with dire Dismay,
Thy Wonders, mightiest LORD, survey;
And, as they walk th' ethereal Round,
The *Morn* and *Eve* thy Praise resound.

- 8 By unexhausted Springs supply'd,
Thy River pours its copious Tide,
And bids the strength-infusing Grain
Earth's countless Family sustain.
- 9 The Clouds, in frequent Show'rs distill'd,
Drop Fatness on the pregnant Field;
Break the tough Glebe, the Furrows cheer,
And crown with Good the gliding Year.
- 10 The Hills around exulting stand,
And own the Bounty of thy Hand;
Nurs'd by thy Care, the fleecy Train
Invests with white the rural Plain.
- 11 While, as beneath the fav'ring Skies,
In crowded Ranks the Harvests rise,
The laughing Vale assumes a Tongue,
And bursts triumphant into Song.

P S A L M LXVI.

- 1 **S**ING, all ye Nations, to the LORD,
Sing with a joyful Noise;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.
- 2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the Sky,
"How terrible art Thou!"
"Sinners before thy Presence fly,
"Or at thy Feet they bow."
- 3 He rules by his resistless Might;
Will rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' ETERNAL to the Fight,
And tempt that dreadful War?

- 4 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praise;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.
- 5 LORD, Thou hast prov'd our suff'ring Souls,
To make our Graces shine;
So Silver bears the burning Coals,
The Metal to refine.
- 6 Through wat'ry Deeps and fiery Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to possess the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

P A R T II.

- 7 NOW shall my solemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty Pow'r,
Who heard the long Requests I made,
In my distressful Hour.
- 8 My Lips and cheerful Heart prepare,
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my GOD, and hear
The Wonders He hath done.
- 9 When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly Aid;
He sav'd my sinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal shade.
- 10 If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
The LORD had shewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praises sung.

- 11 But God (his Name be ever blest)
 Hath set my Spirit free,
 Nor turn'd from Him my poor Request,
 Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

P S A L M LXVII. Metre i.

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen Race,
 In Mercy, LORD, incline ;
 And cause the Brightness of thy Face
 On all thy Saints to shine.
- 2 That so thy wondrous Ways
 May through the World be known ;
 While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
 And thy Salvation own.
- 3 Let differing Nations join
 To celebrate thy Fame ;
 Let all the World, O LORD, combine
 To praise thy glorious Name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,
 Dissolv'd in holy Mirth ;
 For Thou, the Righteous JUDGE and KING,
 Shalt govern all the Earth.
- 5 Let differing Nations join
 To celebrate thy Fame ;
 Let all the World, O LORD, combine
 To praise thy glorious Name.
- 6 Then shall the teeming Ground
 A large Increase disclose ;
 And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
 Which God, our God, bestows.

- 7 Then God upon our Land
 Shall constant Blessings show'r ;
 And all the World in Awe shall stand
 Of his resistless Pow'r.

P S A L M LXVII. Metre ii.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on *Britain* shine
 With Beams of heav'nly Grace :
 Reveal thy Pow'r through all our Coasts,
 And shew thy smiling Face.
- 2 When shall thy Name, from Shore to Shore,
 Sound all the Earth abroad ;
 And distant Nations know and love
 Their SAVIOUR and their GOD ?
- 3 Sing to the LORD, ye distant Lands,
 Sing loud with solemn Voice ;
 While all our Tongues exalt his Praise,
 And all our Hearts rejoice.
- 4 He, the great LORD, the sov'reign JUDGE,
 Who sits enthron'd above,
 Wisely commands the Worlds He made,
 In Justice and in Love.
- 5 Earth shall obey her MAKER's Will,
 And yield a full Increase ;
 Our GOD will crown his chosen Isle
 With Fruitfulness and Peace.
- 6 GOD the REDEEMER scatters round
 His choicest Favours here ;
 While the Creation's utmost Bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

P S A L M LXVII. Metre iii.

- 1 **M**AY GOD his fav'ring Ear incline,
And bid his Face on *Israel* shine;
That All thy Counsels, LORD, may know
Where Earth extends, or Oceans flow.
- 2 To Thee of Life th' eternal Spring,
Invisible, All-potent KING,
One Chorus let all Nations raise,
One Shout of universal Praise.
- 3 Exult each Tribe, exult each Land;
Heav'n's mighty LORD, with equal Hand,
The Balance holds, and Earth's Domain
Shall own to latest Age his Reign.
- 4 Warm'd by his genial Suns, the Field
With full Increase its Fruits shall yield;
And GOD, thy GOD, O *Sion*, shed
His choicest Blessings on thy Head.
- 5 Great GOD, on us thy Blessings show'r,
Let Man's whole Race revere thy Pow'r,
And, thankful, to their wond'ring Eyes
Behold thy wish'd Salvation rise.

P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET GOD arise in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to Flight,
As Smoke that sought to cloud the Skies
Before the rising Tempest flies.
- 2 He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire,
Like melting Wax before the Fire.

- 3 He rides, and thunders through the Sky;
His Name JEHOVAH sounds on high:
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints rejoice before his Face.
- 4 The Widow and the Fatherless
Fly to his Aid in sharp Distress:
In Him the Poor and Helpless find
A JUDGE that's just, a FATHER kind.
- 5 He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Pris'ners see the Light again;
But Rebels that dispute his Will,
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkness still.

P A R T II.

- 6 KINGDOMS and Thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye Nations, in your Song:
His wondrous Names and Pow'rs rehearse;
His Honours shall enrich your Verse.
- 7 He shakes the Heav'ns with loud Alarms;
How terrible is God in Arms!
In *I*sr^{ae}l are his Mercies known,
*S*ion is his peculiar Throne.
- 8 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest,
He's your DEFENCE, your Joy, your REST:
When Terrors rise and Nations faint,
God is the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

P A R T III.

- 9 LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand Angels fill'd the Sky:
Those heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

- 10 Not *Sinai's* Mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the LORD was there;
 While He pronounc'd his dreadful LAW,
 And struck the chosen Tribes with Awe.
- 11 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
 That thousand Souls had Captive made,
 Were all in Chains like Captives led.
- 12 Rais'd by his FATHER to the Throne,
 He sent the promis'd SPIRIT down,
 With Gifts and Grace for Rebel Men,
 That God might dwell on Earth again.

P A R T IV.

- 13 WE bless the LORD, the Just, the Good,
 Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;
 Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,
 And loads our Days with rich Supplies.
- 14 He sends the Sun his Circuit round,
 'To cheer the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
 He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
 Refresh the thirsty Earth again.
- 15 'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
 And all our near Escapes from Death:
 Safety and Health to GOD belong;
 He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.
- 16 He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
 The common Blessings of his Love;
 But the wide Difference that remains
 Is endless Joy, or endless Pains.

- 17 The LORD that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread ;
The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.
- 18 But his Right-Hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas ;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There shall they taste his special Love.

P S A L M LXIX.

- 1 " **S**AVE me, O GOD, the swelling Floods
" Break in upon my Soul :
" I sink ; and Sorrows o'er my Head
" Like mighty Waters roll."
- 2 Thus in the great MESSIAH's Name
The royal *Prophet* mourns ;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns.
- 3 " Now shall the Saints rejoice, and find
" Salvation in my Name,
" For I have borne their heavy Load
" Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.
- 4 " Grief like a Garment cloth'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dress,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteousness.
- 5 " Amongst my Brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a Stranger stood ;
" And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to God.

- 6 "I came in sinful Mortals' Stead
"To do my Father's Will:
"Yet when I cleans'd my Father's House,
"They scandaliz'd my Zeal.
- 7 "My Fasting and my holy Groans
"Were made the Drunkard's Song;
"But GOD, from his celestial Throne,
"Heard my complaining Tongue.
- 8 " 'Twas in a most accepted Hour
"My Pray'r arose on high,
"And for my Sake my GOD shall hear
"The dying Sinner's Cry."

P A R T II.

- 9 NOW let our Lips, with holy Fear
And mournful Pleasure, sing
The Sufferings of our great HIGH-PRIEST,
The Sorrows of our KING.
- 10 He sinks in Floods of deep Distress;
How high the Waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's Ear
He sends perpetual Cries.
- 11 "Hear me, O LORD, and save thy Son,
"Nor hide thy shining Face;
"Why should thy Fav'rite look like one
"Forsaken of thy Grace?
- 12 "With Rage they persecute the Man
"That groans beneath thy Wound,
"While, for a Sacrifice, I pour
"My Life upon the Ground.

- 13 "All my Reproach is known to Thee,
 "The Scandal and the Shame;
 "Reproach hath broke my bleeding Heart,
 "And Lies defil'd my Name.
- 14 "With Vinegar they mock my Thirst;
 "They give me Gall for Food;
 "And, sporting with my dying Groans,
 "They triumph in my Blood.
- 15 "Shine into my distressed Soul,
 "Let thy Compassions save;
 "And though my Flesh sink down to Death,
 "Redeem it from the Grave.
- 16 "I shall arise to praise thy Name,
 "Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
 "And thy Salvation, O my God!
 "Shall seat me on thy Throne."

P A R T III.

- 17 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous Grace,
 I bless my SAVIOUR's Name;
 He bought Salvation for the Poor,
 And bore the Sinners' Shame.
- 18 His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
 His Duty and his Zeal
 Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy Will.
- 19 His dying Groans, his living Songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
 Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

20 This shall his humble Follow'rs see,
And set their Hearts at rest ;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.

21 Let Heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their Voices raise,
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
And join t' advance thy Praise.

22 *Zion* is thine, most holy God ;
Thy SON shall bless her Gates ;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood,
For thy own *Israel* waits.

P S A L M LXX.

1 **H**ASTE to my Aid, my SAVIOUR, haste ;
My Soul, by hostile Numbers thas'd,
To Thee directs its Pray'r :
In wild Confusion backward borne,
Their Wish defeated let them mourn,
And lost in empty Air.

2 Be Shame their just Reward assign'd,
While round me, with relentless Mind,
Derision's Shout they raise :
Thy Bliss let All who seek Thee share,
And taught thy Love, that Love declare
In Songs of ceaseless Praise.

3 While these in thy Salvation joy,
Increasing Grievs my Thought employ,
And speediest Aid demand,
My HELPER and REDEEMER, hear !
O, instant in my Cause appear,
And reach thy saving Hand.

P S A L M LXXI. Metre i.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my everlasting Hope,
 I live upon thy Truth;
 Thy Hands have held my Childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my Youth.
- 2 My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Pow'r,
 With all these Limbs of mine;
 And, from my Mother's painful Hour,
 I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my Life new Wonders seen
 Repeated ev'ry Year;
 Behold my Days which yet remain,
 I trust them to thy Care.
- 4 Cast me not off when Strength declines,
 When hoary Hairs arise;
 And round me let thy Glory shine,
 Whene'er thy Servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the Hist'ry of my Age,
 When Men review my Days,
 They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
 In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

P A R T II.

- 6 **M**Y SAVIOUR, my Almighty FRIEND,
 When I begin thy Praise,
 Where will the growing Numbers end,
 The Numbers of thy Grace?
- 7 **T**HOU art my everlasting Trust;
 Thy Goodness I adore;
 And since I knew thy Graces first,
 I speak thy Glories more.

- 8 My Feet shall travel all the Length
Of the celestial Road,
And march with Courage, in thy Strength,
To see my Father GOD.
- 9 When I am fill'd with sore Distress
For some surprizing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 10 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Vict'ries of my KING !
My Soul, redeem'd from Sin and Hell,
Shall thy Salvation sing.
- 11 My Tongue shall all the Day proclaim
My SAVIOUR and my GOD ;
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.
- 12 Awake, awake, my tuneful Pow'rs !
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkeſt Hours,
Nor think the Season long.

P A R T III.

- 13 GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wondrous Ways.
- 14 Wilt Thou forsake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking Years,
If GOD, my Strength, depart ?

15 Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
 To the surviving Age;
 And leave a Savour of thy Name,
 When I shall quit the Stage.

16 The Land of Silence and of Death
 Attends my next Remove;
 O may these poor Remains of Breath
 Teach the wide World thy Love!

P A R T IV.

17 THY Righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy Deeds;
 Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
 And all my Praise exceeds.

18 Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
 And oft endur'd the Grief;
 But when thy Hand has prest me sore,
 Thy Grace was my Relief.

19 By long Experience have I known
 Thy sov'reign Power to save;
 At thy Command I venture down
 Securely to the Grave.

20 When I lie buried deep in Dust,
 My Flesh shall be thy Care;
 These with'ring Limbs with Thee I trust,
 To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M LXXI. Metre ii.

1 **T**HY Servant, God of Gods, supreme,
 O hear, and hasten to redeem:
 Be THOU my Rock, and safe Resort;
 My Rock Thou art, my strongest Fort.

- 2 On Thee my Hopes supported stand ;
My Life from earliest Youth thy Hand
(That Life which first from Thee began)
Preserv'd, and led me up to Man.
- 3 When lodg'd within the Womb I lay,
Thy Care produc'd me to the Day,
And, while that Care my Years prolongs,
Thy Name shall animate my Songs.
- 4 Though Crowds, with silent Gaze, in me
A Spectacle of Wonder see ;
Amidst my Grief, amidst my Pain,
Thy Love shall still my Faith sustain.

P A R T II.

- 5 O LET me not, Almighty FRIEND,
When with a Weight of Age I bend,
And weary'd Nature's Succours fail,
The Absence of thine Aid bewail.
- 6 Strong in thy Might I take my Way,
Thy Righteousness my only Stay,
And through the Day, my God, my KING,
Thy Justice, thy Salvation, sing.
- 7 How hast Thou bid my Soul to know
A long Vicissitude of Woe ;
Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning Ray
Hast chas'd each Cloud of Grief away !
- 8 My willing Lips with Praise shall flow ;
My rescu'd Soul with Transport glow ;
And pleas'd from Morn to Eve record
Thy Righteousness, indulgent LORD.

P S A L M LXXII. Metre i.

- 1 **B**LEST PRINCE of Righteousness and
The HOPE of all Mankind! [Peace,
The Poor, in thy unblemish'd Reign,
Shall free Protection find,
Secure of just Redress, to Thee
Th' Oppress'd his Cause shall bring;
While with the Fruits of sacred Peace
The joyful Fields shall spring.
- 2 Through endless Years thy glorious Name
The Righteous shall adore,
When Sun and Moon have run their Course,
And measure Time no more.
Thou shalt descend like softest Drops
Of kind celestial Dews;
Or as a Show'r, whose gentle Fall
The joyful Spring renews.
- 3 Thy Glory no Eclipse shall see,
But shine divinely bright;
While from his Orb the radiant Sun
Darts undiminish'd Light.
Converted Nations, blest in Thee,
Shall magnify thy Grace;
Call Thee their glorious RANSOMER,
And HOPE of all their Race.
- 4 With Love and sacred Rapture fir'd,
Thy lofty Name we'll sing:
THOU only wondrous Things hast done,
Thou everlasting KING!
From all the Corners of the Earth,
Let grateful Praise ascend:
Let loud *Amens*, and joyful Shouts,
The starry Concave rend.

P S A L M LXXII. Metre ii.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne.
- 2 Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands;
All Heav'n submits to his Commands;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor;
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.
- 3 With Pow'r He vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust;
His Worship and his Fear shall last
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.
- 4 As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall He send his Influence down:
His Grace on fainting Souls distils,
Like heav'nly Dew on thirsty Hills.
- 5 The *Heathen* Lands, that lie beneath
The Shades of over-spreading Death,
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.
- 6 The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Drest in the Robes of Joy and Praise;
Peace, like a River, from his Throne,
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

P A R T II.

- 7 JESUS shall reign where'er the Sun
Does his successive Journies run:
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 8 To Him shall endless Pray'r be made,
And Princes throng to crown his Head;
His Name, like sweet Perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry Morning-Sacrifice.
- 9 People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.
- 10 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The Pris'ner leaps to loose his Chains;
The Weary find eternal Rest,
And all the Sons of Want are blest.
- 11 Where He displays his healing Pow'r,
Death and the Curse are known no more;
In Him the Tribes of *Adam* boast
More Blessings than their Father lost.
- 12 Let ev'ry Creature rise, and bring
Peculiar Honours to our KING;
Angels descend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud *Amen*.

P S A L M LXXIII. Metre i.

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the LORD is kind
To Men of Heart sincere:
Though once my foolish Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the Wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry Breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their Death!"

- 3 Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy Saints,
"And grieve the Men I love,"
- 4 But still I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.
- 5 There, as in some prophetic Glass,
I saw the Sinner's Feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry Place,
Beside a fiery Pit.
- 6 I heard the Wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were lost,
And he awakes in Hell.
- 7 Lord, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtless Beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked blest.
- 8 Yet was I kept from full Despair,
Upheld by Pow'r unknown:
That blessed Hand that broke the Snare,
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PART II.

- 9 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up,
When sinking in Despair.

- 10 Thy Counsels, LORD, shall guide my Feet
Through this dark Wilderness;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.
- 11 Were I in Heav'n without my God,
'T would be no Joy to me;
And while this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 12 What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Flesh and Heart should faint!
God is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.
- 13 Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Presence die;
Not all the Idol-Gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 14 But to draw near to THEE, my GOD,
Shall be my sweet Employ;
My Tongue shall sound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

P S A L M LXXIII. Metre ii.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless Wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine
To see the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour shine!
- 2 But, O their End! their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery Rocks I see them stand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again ;
There they may stand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless Pain.
- 4 Their fancy'd Joys how fast they flee !
Just like a Dream when Man awakes ;
Their Songs of softest Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their Mirth and Wine
Too dear to purchase with my Blood ;
LORD, 'tis enough that THOU art Mine,
My LIFE, my PORTION, and my GOD.

P S A L M LXXIV.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose Hand has *Israel* led,
His Fold enlarg'd, his Pasture spread,
Call to thy Thought the sacred Band,
Once own'd the Purchase of thine Hand.
- 2 The Heritage by Thee redeem'd ;
Fair *Sion's* Mount, where copious stream'd
Th' eternal LIGHT,—and spoke her Shrine
The Seat of MAJESTY divine.
- 3 THEE from of old my KING I see,
Nor knows my Heart a *Friend* but THEE :
Thine Arm alone, in *Jacob's* Right,
Hath turn'd each adverse Pow'r to Flight.
- 4 At thy Command, the wat'ry Deeps
Asunder stood, in liquid Heaps :
Thy Mandate *Jordan's* Channel dry'd,
And backward roll'd its wond'ring Tide.

- 5 Thy Stroke the Rock's dark Entrails clave;
 Forth from its Depth the foaming Wave
 Sprang instant,—and with lengthen'd Train
 Irriguous lav'd the thirsty Plain.

P A R T II.

- 6 BY THEE prepar'd, the Night and Day
 Alternate walk th' ethereal Way;
 Thy Art the Light's thin Texture spun,
 And with it cloth'd the radiant Sun.
- 7 Thy Hand the Earth's vast Fabric rounds,
 Its Balance fixes, marks its Bounds;
 With Summer's Show'rs its Glebe unbinds,
 Or wraps it with the wint'ry Winds.
- 8 PARENT of Nature! God supreme!
 While Folly's Sons thy Acts blaspheme,
 O vindicate thy Name from Wrong,
 And silence the reproachful Tongue.
- 9 Let not the Fangs of cruel Pow'r
 Thy trembling Turtle's Life devour,
 Nor dark Oblivion's Shade, our Pain
 For ever from thy Thought detain.
- 10 O give the Flock that bears thy Name,
 Thy fed'ral Mercy yet to claim:
 Behold within each cavern'd Cell,
 Fraud, Violence, and Rapine dwell!
- 11 Behold! and let th' afflicted Poor,
 (From Terror and from Shame secure)
 With grateful Heart, and joyous Tongue,
 Wake to thy Praise the hallow'd Song.

P S A L M LXXV.

1 **T**HY Name, immortal GOD, thy Name
Our Love and highest Praise shall
Whose Acts attest Thee ever near, [claim ;
And plant within our Hearts thy Fear.

2 “ Lift not the Horn, ye Sons of Pride,
(The LORD, with fierce Rebuke, hath cry’d)
“ Lift not the Horn !—nor thus in vain,
“ With stubborn Neck, my Name profane.”

3 That GOD, whose Word the Heav’ns out-
spread,
The regal Crown from Head to Head
Transfers :—Wealth, Honour, Pow’r, his
At Will shall grant, at Will resume. [Doom

4 His Hand the full-charg’d Cup presents,
While red with Wrath its Wine ferments,
Whose Mixture Earth’s rebellious Train
Low to its utmost Dregs shall drain.

5 But I, with sacred Transport fill’d,
To *Jacob’s* GOD my Praise will yield ;
Through Life’s continual Round, my Tongue
Shall wake to HIM its thankful Song.

P S A L M LXXVI.

1 **G**OD’s Glories *Salem’s* Temple fill,
And rest on *Sion’s* sacred Hill ;
There broke his Hand the Sword and Shield,
And cast them useless on the Field ;
There snapp’d the Arrows wing’d with Fire,
And bade the raging War expire.

138 P S A L M LXXVI.

- 2 O cloth'd with Majesty divine !
O say, what Strength shall equal thine !
Not such the Mountain's Boast, whose Seat
To Rapine's Sons a safe Retreat
Presents,—and, neighb'ring to the Sky,
With awful Wonder strike the Eye.
- 3 At thy Rebuke O *Jacob's* God,
The Steed, whose Hoofs in hostile Blood
Were dipt,—the Car that o'er the Plain
Rush'd headlong on, nor heard the Rein,
With Horror struck, confess **THEE** nigh,
And wrapt in Iron-Slumber lie.
- 4 Earth heard when God the Judgment gave,
And rose his injur'd Saints to save ;
In silent Dread beheld his Look,
And instant to her Centre shook :—
THOU, **THOU** alone, our Fear shalt claim,
Ye Nations bow, and own his Name !
- 5 Him serve and fear, and duteous bring
Your Presents to the heav'nly **KING** ;
That **KING**, whose Sword, in Wrath apply'd,
Lops in mid Growth the Tyrant's Pride,
And, threatful, bids each earthly Throne
His mightier Sway submissive own.

P S A L M LXXVII.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I sought his gracious Ear,
In the sad Day when Troubles rose,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

- 2 My overwhelming Sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more ;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.
- 3 I call'd back Years and ancient Times
When I beheld thy Face ;
My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
That might withhold thy Grace.
- 4 I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind,
Which I enjoy'd before ;
And will the LORD no more be kind ?
His Face appear no more ?
- 5 Will He for ever cast me off ?
His Promise ever fail ?
Has He forgot his tender Love ?
Shall Anger still prevail ?—
- 6 But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark, despairing Frame,
Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought ;
Thy Hand is still the same.
- 7 I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er ;
Thy Wonders of recov'ring Grace,
When Flesh could hope no more.
- 8 Grace dwells with Justice on the Throne ;
And Men that love thy Word
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counsels of the LORD.

P A R T II.

- 9 MAKER of All! At thy Command
Revers'd the Laws of Nature stand;
Stupendous Scenes thy Acts afford,
And bid the Nations know their LORD.
- 10 Let *Jacob* and let *Joseph* say
How strong thine Arm to chase away
Each Woe that waits thy People near,
Each Danger that excites their Fear.
- 11 The Deeps beheld Thee, heav'nly KING!
The Deeps beheld Thee,—and each Spring
That rose from out its sandy Bed,
Tumultuous own'd the sudden Dread.
- 12 Incessant from the bursting Cloud
Down stream'd the bidden Rain;—aloud
Peal'd the big Thunder;—through the Sky
Thy flaming Shafts were seen to fly.
- 13 And, as thy Voice around the Pole
In awful Threats was heard to roll, [Head
Earth trembling groan'd, while o'er her
Its livid Sheet the Lightning spread.
- 14 Wide yawn'd the Flood from Shore to
And op'd a Path unknown before, [Shore,
While *Israel's* Guardian and his God
With trackless Step its Channel trod.
- 15 As Sheep to distant Pastures led,
Secure thy People march'd, convey'd
By *Moses* and by *Aaron's* Hand,
To promis'd *Canaan's* happy Land.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 **L**ET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we saw,
And which our Fathers told.

2 He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Through ev'ry rising Race.

3 Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs;
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their Hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practise his Commands.

PART II.

5 O WHAT a stiff rebellious House
Was Jacob's ancient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their MAKER's Grace.

6 They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works He wrought to prove
His Pow'r before their Eyes.

7 They saw the Plagues on Egypt light
From his revenging Hand:
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the stubborn Land.

142 P S A L M LXXVIII.

- 8 They saw Him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd with Safety through,
With wat'ry Walls to guard their Way,
Till they had 'scap'd their Foe.
- 9 A wondrous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;
By Day it prov'd a shelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.
- 10 He from the Rock their Thirst supply'd;
The gushing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A constant Miracle.
- 11 Yet they provok'd the LORD most High,
And dar'd distrust his Hand:—
“Can He with Bread our Host supply
“Amidst this Desert Land?”
- 12 The LORD with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame;
His Terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

P A R T III.

- 13 WHEN *Israel* sins the LORD reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet He forgives the Men He loves,
And sends them Heav'nly Bread.
- 14 He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treasures known;
He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command
To pour Provision down.

- 15 The *Manna*, like a Morning-Show'r,
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heav'n so light, so pure,
As though 't were Angel's Meat.
- 16 But they in murm'ring Language said,
" *Manna* is all our Feast :
" We loath this light, this airy Bread ;
" We must have *Flesh* to taste."
- 17 " Ye shall have *Flesh* to please your Lust,"
The LORD in Wrath replied ;
And sent them *Quails*, like Sand or Dust,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.
- 18 He gave them all their own Desire ;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
And smote the Rebel dead.
- 19 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the LORD with Tears ;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their Fears.
- 20 Oft He chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious Hand,
The Nation He resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd Land.

P S A L M LXXIX.

- I O ISRAEL's Father and his GOD !
The *Heathen* Pow'rs thy lov'd Abode
Rapacious seize ;—see ev'ry Foe
Reproach and fierce Derision throw.

- 2 See, LORD, and say how long thine Ire
Shall blaze with unextinguish'd Fire?
How long thy Flock are doom'd to prove
The sad Suspension of thy Love?
- 3 Blest SAVIOUR! let thy Pow'r divine
Conspicuous in our Rescue shine,
And (*Israel's* Trespas purg'd away)
Thy boundless Clemency display.
- 4 Say, why should the reproaching Foe
His Triumphs build on *Israel's* Woe,
And ask, while thus thy Scourge we bear,
"Where's now your God, ye Outcasts,
where?"
- 5 O hear the wretched Captive's Groan;
The Souls whom Death has mark'd his own;
Haste, LORD, while helpless thus we grieve,
Thy long-lost People to relieve!
- 6 So shall the Flock acknowledg'd Thine
To Thee in grateful Praises join,
And, long as *Israel* boasts a Name,
From Sire to Son transmit thy Fame.

P S A L M LXXX.

- 1 GREAT SHEPHERD of thine *Israel*,
Who dost between the Cherubs dwell,
And ledst the Tribes, thy chosen Sheep,
Safe through the Desert and the Deep.
- 2 Thy Church is in the Desert now:
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind Return?
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?

4 Instead of Wine and cheerful Bread,
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore:
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A R T II.

5 HAST Thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in *Heathen* Lands?
Did not thy Pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly Dews enrich the Ground?

6 How did the spreading Branches shoot,
And bless the Nations with the Fruit!
But now, dear LORD, look down and see
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

7 Why is its Beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her Fences waste?
Strangers and Foes against her join,
And ev'ry Beast devours thy Vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn:
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore:
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A R T III.

9 LORD, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew,
Thou wast its Strength and Glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
Till the fair *Branch of Promise* rose.

- 10 Fair BRANCH, ordain'd of old to shoot
From *David's* Stock, from *Jacob's* Root ;
Himself a noble VINE, and we
The lesser Branches of the Tree :
- 11 'Tis thy own SON, and He shall stand,
Girt with thy Strength, at thy Right-Hand ;
Thy first-born SON, adorn'd and blest
With Pow'r and Grace above the rest.
- 12 O ! for his Sake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches, lest they die ;
Turn us to THEE, thy Love restore :
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P S A L M LXXXI.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD aloud,
And make a joyful Noise :
GOD is our Strength, our SAVIOUR GOD ;
Let *Israel* her his Voice.
- 2 " From vile Idolatry
" Preserve my Worship clean ;
" I am the LORD who set thee free
" From Slavery and Sin.
- 3 " Stretch thy Desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well ;
" But if you will refuse your God,
" If *Israel* will rebel ;
- 4 " I'll leave them, faith the LORD,
" To their own Lusts a Prey,
" And let them run the dangerous Road ;
" 'Tis their own chosen Way.

- 5 "Yet, O! that all my Saints
 "Would hearken to my Voice!
 "Soon I would ease their sore Complaints,
 "And bid their Hearts rejoice.
- 6 "While I destroy their Foes,
 "I'd richly feed my Flock;
 "And they should taste the Stream that flows
 "From their eternal Rock."

P S A L M LXXXII.

- 1 **A**MONG th' Assemblies of the Great,
 A greater Ruler takes his Seat;
 The GOD of Heav'n, as Judge, surveys
 Those Gods on Earth, and all their Ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
 Or why support th' unrighteous Cause?
 When will ye once defend the Poor,
 That Sinners vex the Saints no more?
- 3 They know not, LORD, nor will they know;
 Dark are the Ways in which they go;
 Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like Men.
- 4 Arise, O LORD, and let thy Son
 Possess his universal Throne,
 And rule the Nations with his Rod:
 HE is our JUDGE, and HE our GOD.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1 **M**Y God, no longer silent stand;
 No longer let thy pow'ful Hand
 Withhold its oft-requested Aid,
 While thus thy Foes our Peace invade.

- 2 Behold them, LORD, their Arts employ,
The Heav'n-rai'd People to destroy,
The Souls, whom, with thy Favour crown'd,
Thy secret Presence wraps around.
- 3 Their Leagues, their Plans, with frantic Aim,
Against Omnipotence they frame;
And, fir'd to Rage, with fierce Alarms
The headlong Nations rush to Arms.
- 4 Swift as the fiery Deluge strays,
And wraps the Forests in its Blaze,
Or, furious, onward as it pours,
The Mountain's shaggy Wastes devours.
- 5 Let wild Confusion clothe their Cheek,
And teach them, LORD, thy Name to seek,
While Ruin, Death, and Shame, they see
To each ordain'd that errs from Thee.
- 6 "JEHOVAH, shall the Rebels cry,
"JEHOVAH only reigns on high,
"And o'er the Earth from Day to Day
"Asserts his everlasting Sway."

P S A L M LXXXIV. Metre i.

- 1 **O** GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the Place
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st
The Brightness of thy Face!
- 2 My longing Soul faints with Desire
To view thy blest Abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
For Thee the living GOD.

- 3 The Birds a peaceful Home secure,
And, joyful, tend their Nest ;—
Thine Altars yield my Soul her Joy,
Thy Courts, her sweetest Rest.
- 4 O LORD of Hosts, my KING and GOD,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praise display !
- 5 Thrice happy they whose Choice has Thee
Their sure Protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred Ways
That to thy Dwelling lead.
- 6 As through the dreary Vale they pass
Of Vanity and Tears ;
Grace pours its plenteous Streams, and
The thirsty Desert cheers. [thence
- 7 Thus they proceed from Strength to
And still approach more near ; [Strength,
Till All on Zion's holy Mount
Before their GOD appear.

P A R T II.

- 8 O LORD, the mighty GOD of Hosts,
My Supplication hear ;
Thou GOD of Jacob, to my Voice
Incline thy gracious Ear.
- 9 Behold, O GOD, our Shield, the Face
Of thine anointed SON :
We from our Impotence and Guilt
To HIM for Refuge run.

150 P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 10 To dwell one Day within thy Courts,
My God, my gracious KING,
T' implore thy Love, to learn thy Will,
And thy Salvation sing.
- 11 Far, far in my Esteem exceeds
A Thousand Days beside,
That in the Height of carnal Joys
Uninterrupted glide.
- 12 Rather at Zion's sacred Gates
Would I a Servant wait,
Thap in the Tents of Sin reside,
Or fill a Throne of State.
- 13 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.
- 14 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on THEE!

P S A L M LXXXIV. Metre ii.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O LORD OF Hosts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Desire my Spirit faints
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.
- 2 My Flesh would rest in thine Abode;
My panting Heart cries out for God;
My God! my KING! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and THEE?

- 3 The Sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her Young provides a Nest;
But will my GOD to Sparrows grant
That Pleasure which his Children want?
- 4 Blest are the Saints who sit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest Glories shine above,
And all their Work is Praise and Love.
- 5 Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.
- 6 Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate; [Road
GOD is their Strength; and through the
They lean upon their Helper GOD.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing Strength,
Till All shall meet in Heav'n at length,
Till All before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

P A R T II.

- 8 GREAT GOD, attend while Zion sings
The Joy that from thy Presence springs:
To spend one Day with Thee on Earth,
Exceeds a Thousand Days of Mirth.
- 9 Might I enjoy the meanest Place
Within thy House, O GOD of Grace,
Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Pow'r,
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

152 P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 10 GOD is our Sun, he makes our Day;
 GOD is our Shield, he guards our Way
 From all th' Assaults of Hell and Sin,
 From Foes without and Foes within.
- 11 All needful Grace will GOD bestow,
 And crown that Grace with Glory too:
 He gives us all Things, and withholds
 No real Good from upright Souls.
- 12 O GOD, our KING, whose sov'reign Sway
 The glorious Hosts of Heav'n obey,
 And Devils at thy Presence flee;
 Blest is the Man that trusts in Thee.

P S A L M LXXXIV. Metre iii.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The Dwellings of thy Love,
 Thy earthly Temples are!
 To thine Abode
 My Heart aspires,
 With warm Desires
 To see my God.
- 2 The Sparrow for her Young,
 With Pleasure, seeks a Nest;
 And wand'ring Swallows long
 To find their wonted Rest:
 My Spirit faints
 With equal Zeal,
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy Saints.

- 3 O happy Souls that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill!

- 4 They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PART II.

- 5 TO spend one sacred Day
Where God and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than Thousand Days beside.
Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than shine in Courts.
- 6 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

- 7 The LORD his People loves ;
 His Hand no Good withholds
 From those his Heart approves,
 From pure and pious Souls.
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose Spirit trusts
 Alone in THEE.

P S A L M LXXXIV. Metre iv. [fair!

HOW sweet thy Dwellings, LORD, how
 What Peace, what Bliss, inhabit there !
 With ardent Hope, with strong Desire,
 My Heart, my Flesh, to Thee aspire ;
 I burn to tread thy Courts,—and Thee,
 My GOD, the living GOD, to see.

- 2 ETERNAL KING, around thy Dome
 The Sparrow finds her peaceful Home ;
 With her the Dove, a licens'd Guest,
 Assiduous tends her Infant-Nest,
 And to thine Altar's sure Defence
 Commits th' unfeather'd Innocence.
- 3 Blest who, like these, from Day to Day
 Within thy House permitted stay ;
 Blest who (their Strength on Thee reclin'd)
 Thy Seat explore with constant Mind ;
 Whose joyous Tongue thy Mercies raise
 To Hymns of Gratitude and Praise.
- 4 One Day if in thy House I dwell,
 That Day a Thousand shall excel :—
 Amidst thy meanest Saints to wait,
 And guard th' Approaches of thy Gate,

Be this far happier Station mine, [Thine.
Than Courts where Crimes in Splendour

- 5 Thou, LORD, art *Israel's* Sun and Shield ;
Thy Love shall Grace and Glory yield,
Nor e'er permit the pious Train
Thy Gifts to ask, and ask in vain ;—
Blest who, in Confidence of Pray'r,
To Thee, great GOD, resign their Care.

P S A L M LXXXV. Metre i.

- 1 **T**HY gracious Favour, LORD, display,
Which we have long implor'd ;
And for thy wondrous Mercy's Sake,
Thy wonted Aid afford.
- 2 GOD's Answer patiently I'll wait,
For He with glad Success,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
His mourning Saints will bless.
- 3 To all that fear his holy Name,
His great Salvation's near ;
That rich Displays of glorious Grace
May in our Land appear.
- 4 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd ;
And Righteousness with Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
With friendly Arms embrace.
- [Heav'n
5 Truth from the Earth shall spring, while
Shall Streams of Justice pour ;
And GOD, from whom all Goodness flows,
Shall endless Plenty show'r.

- 6 Before Him, Righteousness shall march,
And his best Paths prepare;
While we his holy Steps pursue
With constant Zeal and Care.

P S A L M LXXXV. Metre ii.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy Grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy Doom;
So GOD forgave when *Israel* sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring Captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest Wrath abate;
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to Thee,
And thy Salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying Graces, LORD,
And let thy Saints in Thee rejoice;
Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word;
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice;
- 4 We wait to hear what GOD will say:
He'll speak, and give his People Peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

P A R T II.

- 5 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the LORD;
And Grace, descending from on high,
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.
- 6 Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since CHRIST the LORD came down from
By his Obedience so complete, [Heav'n;
Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.

7 Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heav'nly Influence bless the Ground,
In our REDEEMER's gentle Reign.

8 Pure Righteousness (her healing Wing
Expanding) down to Earth descends;
Prepares thy Way, eternal KING!
And all thy Children's Steps attends.

P S A L M LXXXVI. Metre i.

1 **T**O my Complaint, O LORD my God,
Thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, distressed and destitute
Of all Relief but Thine.

2 To me, who daily Thee invoke,
Thy Mercy, LORD, extend;
Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes
On Thee alone depend.

3 Thou LORD art good, not only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all those
Who for thy Mercy sue.

4 Thee will I praise, O LORD my God,
Praise Thee with Heart sincere;
And to thy ever-glorious Name
Eternal Trophies rear.

5 For Thou thy constant Goodness didst
To my Assistance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
The everlasting SPRING.

PSALM LXXXVI. Metre ii.

- 1 **L**ORD, to my Wants thy Ear incline,
Who mad'st my Heart entirely thine;
My Hope confirm, and guard from Ill
A Soul subjected to thy Will.
- 2 Assist my Feet thy Paths to tread,
And while thy Truth my Steps shall lead,
(That faithful Guide by Thee assign'd)
Train to thy Fear my wav'ring Mind.
- 3 Long as I breathe the vital Air,
Thy Love my loudest Praise shall share,
Whose Grace my Soul with Health has
crown'd,
And snatch'd me from the Pit profound.
- 4 O grant me, LORD, some fav'ring Sign,
Some Pledge that may bespeak me Thine,
That, cloth'd with Shame, my Foes may see
What Aid, what Bliss, I boast in THEE.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly Praise:
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well,
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell.
- 2 His Mercy visits ev'ry House,
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What Glories were describ'd of old!
What Wonders are of *Zion* told!
Thou City of our God below,
Thy Fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

P S A L M LXXXVII. 159

- 4 *Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,*
Shall there begin their Lives anew:
Angels and Men shall join to sing
The Hill where living Waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,
'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- 1 **M**Y SAVIOUR GOD, by Night, by Day,
To Thee I pour my Cries;
Let my sad Complaints, while thus I pray,
Before thy Throne arise.
- 2 Low in the Depth's unfathom'd Night
Thou throw'st my trembling Soul;
On me thine awful Judgments light,
And all thy Tempests roll.
- 3 No friendly Feet approach me nigh;
Abhor'd as one that's dead,
To Thee (who only hear'st my cry)
My suppliant Hands I spread.
- 4 O say, shall mightiest Acts be shown
Where Death triumphant reigns?
The Dead, to make thy Wonders known,
Burst their sepulchral Chains?
- 5 Shall Love, like thine, and Truth appear
Where Darkness all Things hides?
Thy Righteousness be publish'd where
Forgetfulness presides?

160 P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- 6 Like breaking Seas, with mighty Force
Thy Terrors bear me down;
And, with a vast united Course,
My ev'ry Comfort drown.

P S A L M LXXXIX. Metre i.

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing Songs shall show
The Mercies of the LORD;
And make succeeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.
- 2 The sacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure;
And if He speaks a Promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.
- 3 How long the Race of *David* held
The promis'd *Jewish* Throne!
But there's a nobler Cov'nant seal'd
To *David's* greater SON.
- 4 His Seed for ever shall possess
A Throne above the Skies;
The meanest Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.
- 5 LORD, GOD of Hosts, thy wondrous Ways
Are sung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

P A R T II.

- 6 **W**ITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the LORD;
His high Commands attentive hear,
And tremble at his Word.

- 7 How terrible thy Glories be,
How bright thine Armies shine!
Where is the Pow'r that vies with Thee?
Or Truth compar'd to Thine?
- 8 The *Northern* Pole and *Southern* rest
On thy supporting Hand;
Darkness and Day from *East* to *West*
Move round at thy Command.
- 9 Thy Words the raging Wind control,
And rule the boist'rous Deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows sleep.
- 10 Heav'n, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine,
When *Egypt* durst rebel!
- 11 Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wondrous is thy Grace;
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy Face.

P A R T III.

- 12 BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound;
Peace shall attend the Paths they go,
And Light their Steps surround.
- 13 Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Through their REDEEMER's Name;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

162 P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 14 The LORD, our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives :
Israel, thy KING for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

P A R T IV.

- 15 HEAR what the LORD in Vision said,
And made his Mercy known :
" Sinners, behold your Help is laid
" On my Almighty SON.
- 16 " High shall He reign on *David's* Throne,
" My People's better KING ;
" My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
" And still new Subjects bring.
- 17 " My Truth shall guide Him in his Way,
" With Mercy by his Side ;
" While in my Name, thro' Earth and Sea,
" He shall in Triumph ride.
- 18 " My first-born SON, array'd in Grace,
" At my Right-Hand shall sit ;
" Beneath Him Angels know their Place,
" And Monarchs at his Feet.
- 19 " My Cov'nant stands for ever fast ;
" My Promises are strong : [last,
" Firm as the Heav'ns his Throne shall
" His Seed endure as long."

P A R T V.

- 20 " YET (saith the LORD) if *David's* Race,
" The Children of my SON,
" Should break my Laws, abuse my Grace,
" And tempt mine Anger down ;

- 21 " Their Sins I'll visit with the Rod,
 " And make their Folly smart ;
 " But I'll not cease to be their God,
 " Nor from my Truth depart.
- 22 " My Coy'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 " But keep my Grace in Mind :
 " And what eternal Love hath spoke,
 " Eternal Truth shall bind.
- 23 " Once have I sworn (I need no more),
 " And pledg'd my Holiness
 " To seal the sacred Promise sure
 " To *David* and his Race.
- 24 " The Sun shall see his Offspring rise,
 " And spread from Sea to Sea,
 " Long as he travels round the Skies,
 " To give the Nations Day.
- 25 " Sure as the Moon that rules the Night,
 " His Kingdom shall endure ;
 " Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
 " Shall be observ'd no more."

P A R T VI.

- 26 THINK, mighty God, on feeble Man!
 How few his Hours! how short his Span!
 Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
 Who can secure his vital Breath
 Against the bold Demands of Death?
 With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to save?
- 27 LORD, shall it be for ever said,
 " The Race of Man was only made
 " For Sickness, Sorrow, and the Dust!"

Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves and turn'd to Clay?
Lord, where's thy Kindness to the Just?

- 28 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed, a heav'nly Crown?
But Flesh and Sense indulge Despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord!
That Faith can tread his holy Word,
And find a Resurrection there.

- 29 For ever blessed be the Lord!
Who gives his Saints a rich Reward
For all their Toil, Reproach, and Pain;
Let All below, and All above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous Love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

P S A L M LXXXIX. Metre ii.

- 1 MY grateful Tongue, immortal KING,
Thy Mercy shall for ever sing;
My Verse to Time's remotest Day
Thy Truth in sacred Notes display:
O Thou, with endless Glory crown'd,—
With Faithfulness invested round.
- 2 From Thee, amid th' aerial Space,
The North and South assume their Place;
While Tabor's Brow, with Ev'ning red,
And Eastern Hermon's unshorn Head,
Wide through their echoing Groves thy
In Songs of grateful Joy proclaim. [Name
- 3 Strong is thine Arm; thy steadfast Will
Thy Hands with sure Effect fulfil;

While Justice, 'mid th' ethereal Plain,
And Equity thy Throne sustain,
And white-rob'd Truth and Mercy fair
Thy Steps precede, thy Path prepare.

4 O Blest, who know that sacred Sound
Which spreads the joyful Tidings round,
And speaks a Jubilee begun,
Which through eternal Years shall run!—
Around their Steps thy Light shall shine,
And ev'ry Beam declare them thine.

5 How shall they joy from Day to Day,
Thy boundless Mercy to display;
Thy Righteousness, indulgent LORD,
With holy Confidence record;
Thy Strength their surest Refuge deem,
Thy Grace their Dignity supreme!

PART II.

6 FOR ever shall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the LORD:
Mercy and Truth for ever stand
Like Heav'n establish'd by his Hand.

7 Thus to his SON He sware and said,
"With Thee my Cov'nant first is made;
"In Thee shall dying Sinners live;
"Glory and Grace are Thine to give.

8 "Be Thou my PROPHET, Thou my PRIEST;
"Thy Children shall be ever blest;
"Thou art my chosen King: Thy Throne
"Shall stand eternal like my own.

- 9 "There's none of all my Sons above;
 "So much my Image, for my Love;
 "Celestial Powers thy Subjects are;
 "Then what can Earth to Thee compare?"
- 10 "David, my Servant, whom I chose
 "To guard my Flock, to crush my Foes,
 "And rais'd him to the Jewish Throne,
 "Was but a Shadow of my Son."
- 11 Now let the Church rejoice and sing
 JESUS her SAVIOUR and her KING:
 Angels, his heav'nly Wonders show,
 And Saints declare his Works below.

P S A L M XC. Metre i.

- 1 O GOD, our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come;
 Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
 And our eternal Home.
- 2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
 Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
 And our Defence is sure.
- 3 Before the Hills in Order stood,
 Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless Years the same.
- 4 A Thousand Ages in thy Sight
 Are like an Evening gone;
 Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
 Before the rising Sun.

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.
- 6 Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand,
Pleas'd with the Morning-Light;
The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.
- 7 O God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Be Thou our Guard whilst Life shall last,
And our eternal Home.

P A R T II.

- 8 THOU, LORD, hast weigh'd our ev'ry Fault,
And thine all-searching Eyes
Mark and arrest each guilty Thought
Which veild in Darkness lies.
- 9 Our fleeting Days are swiftly blown
Before thy angry Blast;
Our Years, like empty Tales, are gone,
Which scarce a Moment last.
- 10 'Tis but a few whole Days amount
To threescore Years and ten;
And all beyond that short Account,
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.
- 11 So teach us to compute our Days,
And so our Hearts apply,
That safely we through Wisdom's Ways,
May reach Eternity.

168. P S A L M XC.

- 12 Return, O LORD, and grant some Rest
To all thy Servant's Woes;
Our Hearts, with early Mercies blest,
To holy Joys dispose!
- 13 Let Heav'n succeed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow cease;
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increase.
- 14 Thy Wonders to thy Servants shew;
Make thy own Work complete;
Then shall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

P S A L M XC. Metre ii.

- 1 **T**HEE, LORD, their Refuge, Thee alone,
From earliest Age, thy People own:
Thou, ere the Mountains rose to Birth,
And, while unform'd the Heav'ns and Earth,
For ever God!
- 2 A Thousand Years to thy Survey
Are as the Hours of Yesterday;
A Watch in Night one scarce perceives,
When present,—and when absent leaves
No Trace behind.
- 3 Our Life, with all its Toil and Care,
Dissolves like Vapours in the Air;
Or as a Phantom of the Night
Glides by the weak, deluded Sight,
And scarce is seen.

4 Or like the Grass which springs to view,
By Show'rs refresh'd, or early Dew;
Anon, beneath the Mower's Hand,
Swept down, all wither'd strows the Land
By closing Day.

5 Thine Eyes our inmost Guilt can read,
Thy Presence on each impious Deed
(That studious shuns the Sight of Day)
Resistless darts its searching Ray,
Thou JUDGE of All.

6 O who thy Terrors justly weighs?
Who to thy Pow'r submissive pays
Proportion'd Homage?—Teach us, Thou,
To count Life's Moments as they flow,
And learn to die.

P A R T II.

7 RETURN, O GOD of Hosts, return!
How long shall we thine Absence mourn!
Return, and let thy wonted Love
Our Sins subdue, our Grievs remove
With speediest Aid.

8 O visit with enliv'ning Grace
Thy Servants lab'ring in Distress;
Regard thy Mercy's dear Design,
And raise with Lenity divine
Their fainting Souls.

9 Thy bounteous Goodness, LORD, impart,
And fill with Joy each drooping Heart:
In thine Indulgence may we rest,
Since wretched Man alone is blest
Beneath thy Smile.

- 10 On Souls devoted to be thine,
 And on their Race, through Ages shine ;
 Their pious Labours deign to own,
 Aid them in doing, and, when done,
 Accept and bless.

P S A L M XC. Metre iii. [God,

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast been thy Children's
 All-pow'ful, wise, and good, and just,
 In ev'ry Age their safe Abode,
 Their Hope, their Refuge, and their Trust.
- 2 Great FATHER OF ETERNITY,
 How short are Ages in thy Sight !
 A thousand Years how swift they fly,
 Like one short, silent Watch of Night !
- 3 Uncertain Life, how soon it flies !
 Dream of an Hour, how short our Bloom !
 Like Spring's gay Verdure now we rise,
 Cut down ere Night to fill the Tomb.
- 4 Teach us to count our short'ning Days,
 And with true Diligence apply
 Our Hearts to Wisdom's sacred Ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.

P A R T II.

- 5 WITH Mercy, LORD, revive our Hearts,
 And tune our grateful Songs of Praise ;
 And let the Joy thy Smile imparts
 Enliven all our future Days.
- 6 O make our sacred Pleasures rise,
 In sweet Proportion to our Pains,
 Till ev'n the sad Remembrance dies,
 Nor one uneasy Thought complains.

7 Let thy Almighty Work appear,
 With Pow'r and Evidence divine;
 And may the Bliss thy Servants share,
 Continued to their Children Thine.

8 Thy glorious Image fair imprest,
 Let all our Hearts and Lives declare;
 Beneath thy kind Protection blest,
 May all our Labours own thy Care.

P S A L M XCI. Metre i.

1 **H**OW blest the Man, how safe from
 Who to his SAVIOUR flies! [Harm,
 And on his Truth and mighty Arm
 Alone for Help relies!

2 He from the Fowler's secret Snare
 Thy trembling Feet shall guide;
 And shield from Plagues that walk the Air
 With Death's gigantic Stride.

3 His overspreading Wings of Love
 Shall sure Protection yield;
 While his eternal Truth shall prove
 Thine adamantine Shield.

4 What though strange Terrors fill the Night?
 Death's Shafts, obscure the Day?
 He, thy Salvation's Strength and Light,
 Shall chase each Fear away.

5 What though fierce Plagues, through horrid
 With wild Destruction reign? [Gloom,
 Though Thousands round Thee crowd the
 Ten Thousand press the Plain? [Tomb,

- 6 Thine Eyes shall see his vengeful Rod,
And not one Fear molest;
In the high Friendship of thy God
Supremely safe and blest.

P A R T II.

- 7 YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare, [place,
Come, make the LORD your Dwelling-
And try, and trust his Care.
- 8 No Ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And sweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raise the Saints on high.
- 9 He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all their Ways;
To watch your Pillow while you Sleep,
And guard your happy Days.
- 10 Their Hands shall bear you lest you fall
And dash against the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And sent t' attend his Sons?
- 11 Adders and Lions ye shall tread;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,
Puts him beneath your Feet.
- 12 " Because on Me they set their Love,
" I'll save them, (saith the LORD)
" I'll bear their joyful Souls above
" Destruction, and the Sword.

- 13 " My Grace shall answer when they call ;
 " In Trouble I'll be nigh :
 " My Pow'r shall help them when they fall,
 " And raise them when they die.
- 14 " Those that on Earth my Name have
 " I'll honour them in Heav'n ; [known,
 " There my Salvation shall be shown,
 " And endless Life be giv'n."

P S A L M XCI. Metre ii.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his Refuge God,
 Shall find a most secure Abode ;
 Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
 And there at Night shall rest his Head.
- 2 Then will I say, " My God, thy Pow'r
 " Shall be my Fortrefs and my Tow'r ;
 " I, that am form'd of feeble Dust,
 " Make thine Almighty Arm my Trust."
- 3 Thrice happy Man ! Thy Maker's Care
 Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare,
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
 Unguarded Souls a thousand Ways.
- 4 Just as a Hen protects her Brood
 From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood
 Under her Feathers ; so the LORD
 Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.
- 5 If burning Beams of Noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential Fire,
 God is their Life, his Wings are spread
 To shield them with an healthful Shade.

- 6 If Vapours with malignant Breath
Rise thick, and scatter Midnight-Death,
Israel is safe :—The poison'd Air
Grows pure, if *Israel's* GOD be there.

P A R T II.

- 7 **THOUGH** Thousands by thy Side are slain,
And Myriads round Thee press the Plain,
No Dart shall thy Destruction dare,
Nor wound whom GOD has bid to spare.
- 8 And since thy Heart (to GOD resign'd)
In HIM its Refuge boasts to find;
No Dangers shall thy Path await,
Nor enter thy protected Gate.
- 9 While round thee plac'd, th' Angelic-Train
Thy Steps with tend'rest Care sustain,
Safe shalt thou walk through Ways un-
Nor striketh thy Foot against a Stone. [known,
- 10 Go, fearless on the Dragon tread,
And press the prostrate Lion's Head :
Go, crush the Serpent, though his Veins
Lodge half the Poison of the Plains.
- 11 Thus saith the LORD, " Thy filial Love
" I mark, and all thy Acts approve :
" For this thy Head aloft I'll rear,
" Bow to thy Pray'r my willing Ear.
- 12 " Thy Fears avert, thy Griefs attend,
" (Thy GOD, thy GUARDIAN, and thy
FRIEND)
" Thy Years prolong, and to thy Heart
" My health-dispensing Grace impart.

P S A L M XCII. Metre i.

1 **T**HOU who art enthron'd above,
 Thou by whom we live and move;
 O how sweet with joyful Tongue
 To resound thy Praise in Song!
 When the Morning paints the Skies,
 When the sparkling Stars arise,
 All thy Favours to rehearse,
 And give Thanks in grateful Verse.

2 Sweet the Day of sacred Rest,
 When Devotion fills the Breast;
 When we dwell within thy House,
 Hear thy Word, and pay our Vows:—
 Notes to Heav'n's high Mansion raise,
 Fill its Courts with joyful Praise;
 Let repeated Hymns proclaim
 Great JEHOVAH's awful Name.

3 From thy Works our Joys arise,
 O Thou only good and wise!
 Who thy Wonders can declare?
 How profound thy Counsels are!
 Warm our Hearts with sacred Fire,
 Grateful Fervours still inspire;
 All our Pow'rs, with all their Might,
 Ever in thy Praise unite.

P S A L M XCII. Metre ii.

1 **S**WEET is the Word, my God, my KING,
 To praise thy Name, give Thanks and
 To shew thy Love by Morning-Light; [sing];
 And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

- 2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest ;
 No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast :
 O may my Heart in Tune be found,
 Like *David's* Harp of solemn Sound !
- 3 My Heart shall triumph in my LORD,
 And bless his Works, and bless his Word :
 Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy Counsels ! How divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their Thoughts so high ;
 Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die ;
 Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath
 Blast them in everlasting Death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious Part
 When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
 And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed,
 Like holy Oil, to cheer my Head.
- 6 Sin (my worst Enemy before)
 Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more :
 My inward Foes shall all be slain,
 Nor *Satan* break my Peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And ev'ry Pow'r find sweet Employ
 In that eternal World of Joy.

PART II.

- 8 LORD, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand
 In Gardens planted by thine Hand ;
 Let me within thy Courts be seen
 Like a young Cedar, fresh and green.

- 9 There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
 Blest with thine Influence from above ;
 Not *Lebanon*, with all its Trees,
 Yields such a comely Sight as these.
- 10 The Plants of Grace shall ever live ;
 (Nature decays, but Grace must thrive)
 Time, that doth all Things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 11 Laden with Fruits of Age, they shew
 The Lord is Holy, Just, and True ;
 None that attend his Gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

P S A L M XCIII. Metre i.

- 1 **W**ITH Glory clad, with Strength
 array'd,
 The LORD that o'er all Nature reigns ;
 The World's Foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast Fabrick still sustains.
- 2 How sure establish'd is thy Throne !
 Which shall no Change or Period see ;
 For Thou, O LORD, and Thou alone,
 Art God from all Eternity.
- 3 The swelling Floods tumultuous rise,
 Aloud the angry Tempests roar,
 Lift their proud Billows to the Skies,
 And foam and lash the trembling Shore.
- 4 The LORD, the mighty God on high,
 Controls the fiercely raging Seas ;
 He speaks !—and Noise and Tempest fly,
 The Waves sink down in gentle Peace.

- 5 Thy sov'reign Laws are ever sure,
 Eternal Holiness is Thine;
 And, LORD, thy People should be pure,
 And in thy blest Resemblance shine.

P S A L M XCIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **T**HE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
 And royal State maintains,
 His Head with awful Glories crown'd:
 Array'd in Robes of Light,
 Begirt with sov'reign Might,
 And Rays of Majesty around.

- 2 Upheld by thy Commands,
 The World securely stands;
 And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
 Thy Throne was fix'd on high,
 Before the starry Sky;
 Eternal is thy Kingdom, LORD.

- 3 In vain the noisy Crowd,
 Like Billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine Empire rage and roar:
 In vain with angry Spite,
 The furious Nations fight,
 And dash like Waves against the Shore.

- 4 Let Floods and Nations rage,
 And all their Pow'rs engage;
 Let swelling Tides assault the Sky;
 The Terrors of thy Frown
 Shall beat their Madness down;
 Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

- 5 Thy Promises are true,
 Thy Grace is ever new :
 There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove :
 Thy Saints with holy Fear
 Shall in thy Courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting Love.

P S A L M XCIII. Metre iii.

- 1 **T**HE LORD th' eternal Sceptre rears,
 And Nature's Pow'r observant hears
 Whate'er his Will enjoins :
 His Head with purest Splendour crown'd,
 With Majesty he vests Him round,
 And girds with Strength his Loins.
- 2 Encircled by th' ethereal Space,
 And fix'd by Him on firmest Base,
 The Earth's vast Orb appears :—
 From earliest Age, great God, thy Throne
 Aloft in Heav'n prepar'd has shone,
 Nor measures Time thy Years.
- 3 A Scene of Horror strikes my Eyes !
 The Floods, my God, the Floods arise,
 And lift their Voice on high !
 What Pow'r shall curb the headlong Tide ?
 What bid the swelling Waves subside,
 And clear the stormy Sky ?
- 4 Thee, o'er all Height exalted,—Thee
 The Deepes revere ;—at thy Decree
 The Waves their Rage resign :
 Fix'd are the Laws by Thee ordain'd ;
 And Truth and Sanctity unstain'd
 Adorn thy awful Shrine.

P S A L M XCIV.

1 **O** GOD, to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign Pow'r redress our Wrongs,
Let Justice smite the Proud.

2 They say, "The LORD nor sees nor hears;"
When will the Fools be wise!
Can HE be deaf, who form'd their Ears?
Or blind, who made their Eyes?

3 He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his Pow'r;
His Wrath shall pierce their Souls with Pain,
In some surprising Hour.

4 But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the Man thy Hands chastise,
And to his Duty draw:
Thy Scourges make thy Children wise,
When they forget thy Law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his Saints,
Nor his own Promise break;
He pardons his Inheritance,
For their REDEEMER'S Sake.

P A R T II.

7 **W**H O will arise and plead my Right:
Against my num'rous Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppose?

8 Had not the LORD, my Rock, my Help,
Sustain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul among the Dead.

9 "Alas! my sliding Feet!" I cry'd;
Thy Promise was my Prop:
Thy Grace stood constant by my side;
Thy SPIRIT bore me up.

10 While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Bosom roll;
Thy boundless Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts cheer my Soul.

11 Pow'rs of Iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious Laws;
But GOD my Refuge rules the Skies,
HE will defend my Cause.

12 Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blasphemers scoff;
The LORD our GOD shall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

P S A L M XCV. Metre i.

1 COME, sound his Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing;
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign GOD,
The universal KING.

2 He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own;
And all the solid Ground.

- 3 Come, worship at his Throne;
Come, bow before the LORD;
We are his Work, and not our own;
He form'd us by his Word.
- 4 To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious GOD.
- 5 But if your Ears refuse
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving Race;
- 6 The LORD, in Vengeance drest,
Will lift his Hand and swear,
"You that despise my promis'd Rest
" Shall have no Portion there."

P S A L M XCV. Metre ii.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD JEHOVAH's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.
- 2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing;
The LORD's a GOD of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's KING.
- 3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
How mean their Natures seem,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with HIM.

- 4 Earth, with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!
- 6 Now is the Time, He bends his Ear,
And waits for your Request;
Come, lest He rouse his Wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my Rest."

P S A L M XCV. Metre iii.

- 1 **O** COME, loud Anthems let us sing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty KING:
For we our Voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank Him for his Favours past;
To Him address, in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.
- 3 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her secret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.
- 4 The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss
By the same sov'reign Right is His;
'Tis mov'd by the Almighty Hand
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.

- 5 O, let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly All
Before the LORD our MAKER fall.

P S A L M XCVI. Metre i.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of ev'ry Tongue :
His new-discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.
- 2 Say to the Nations, JESUS reigns,
God's own Almighty SON :
His Pow'r the sinking World sustains,
And Grace furrounds his Throne.
- 3 Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy through the Earth be seen ;
Let Cities shine in bright Array,
And Fields in cheerful Green.
- 4 Let an unusual Joy surprise
The Islands of the Sea :
Ye Mountains sink, ye Valleys rise,
Prepare the LORD his Way.
- 5 Behold He comes ! He comes to bless
The Nations as their God ;
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And send his Truth abroad.
- 6 But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread
To see their JUDGE appear !

P S A L M XCVI. Metre ii.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD some new-taught Song;
Earth, to his Name the Note prolong:
Till Realms remote his Acts have known,
And Man's whole Race his Wonders own.
- 2 Great is the LORD, and great his Praise:
What GOD like Him our Fear can raise?
Not such as *Heathen* Lands afford,
Created first, and then ador'd.
- 3 Yield to his Name the Honours due;
Oft to his Courts your Way pursue
With solemn Step; and joyful bring
The Off'ring to your heav'nly KING.
- 4 Before the Beauty of his Shrine,
Ye Saints, in low Prostration join;
Ye Natives of each distant Shore,
His Pow'r revere; his Name adore.
- 5 O, tell to All whom Earth sustains,
O tell them, that JEHOVAH reigns;
That All who issue from its Womb
Shall hear from Him th' unerring Doom.
- 6 Exult, ye Heav'ns, exult, O Earth,
And (Partner in the sacred Mirth)
Let Ocean in its Fulness rise,
And Thunder to the distant Skies.
- 7 Rich in his Gifts, ye Fields, rejoice;
While, in his Praise, the Woods their Voice
Exalt, and hail, with lowly Nod,
The Presence of th' approaching God.

- 8 He comes in awful Pomp array'd,
 He comes to judge the World He made :
 Truth shall with Him the Cause decide,
 And Equity his Sentence guide.

P S A L M XCVI. Metre iii.

- 1 **L**ET all the Earth their Voices raise
 To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
 To sing and bless JEHOVAH's Name :
 His Glory let the *Heathens* know,
 His Wonders to the Nations show,
 And all his saving Works proclaim.
- 2 The *Heathens* know thy Glory, LORD ;
 The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,
 In *Britain* is JEHOVAH known :
 Our Worship shall no more be paid
 To Gods which mortal Hands have made ;
 Our MAKER is our GOD alone.
- 3 He fram'd the Globe, He built the Sky,
 He made the shining Worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in Glory there :
 His Beams are Majesty and Light,
 His Beauties how divinely bright !
 His Temple how divinely fair !
- 4 Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
 When Earth shall feel his saving Pow'r,
 And barb'rous Nations fear his Name ;
 Then shall the Race of Man confess
 The Beauty of his Holiness,
 And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

P S A L M XC VII. Metre i.

- 1 **Y**E Islands of the Northern Sea
Rejoice, the SAVIOUR reigns;
His Word; like Fire, prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.
- 2 His Presence sinks the proudest Hills,
And makes the Valleys rise:
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.
- 3 The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worshipers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.
- 4 Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the REDEEMER known;
Thus shall He come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.
- 5 His Foes shall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire:
His Children take their secret Flight,
And leave the World on Fire.
- 6 The Seeds of Joy and Glory sown
For Saints in Darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harvest bear.

P S A L M XC VII. Metre ii.

- 1 **H**E reigns, the LORD, the SAVIOUR
Praise Him in ev'ngelic Straits! [reigns!
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.

- 2 Deep are his Counsels and unknown ;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne:
Though gloomy Clouds his Way surround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.
- 3 In Robes of Judgment, lo, He comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the
Before Him burns devouring Fire, [Tombs!
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire!
- 4 His Enemies, with fore Dilinay,
Fly from the Sight, and shun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

P A R T II.

- 5 THE LORD is come; the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name:
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of Eastern Sages to their God.
- 6 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worship where the SAVIOUR lies:
Angels and Kings before Him bow,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below.
- 7 Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worshipers confound!
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And Earth confess her sov'reign KING.

P A R T III.

- 8 TH' ALMIGHTY reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Tho' Clouds and Darkness veil his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-Seat.

- 9 O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate ev'ry Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Souls of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.
- 10 Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
Are for the Saints in Darkness sown;
Those glorious Seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright Harvest bless our Eyes.
- 11 Rejoice, ye Righteous, and record
The sacred Honours of the LORD:
None but the Soul that feels his Grace,
Can triumph in his Holiness.

P S A L M XCVIII. Metre i.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty MAKER, GOD,
New Honours be address;
His great Salvation shines abroad,
And makes the Nations blest.
- 2 He spake the Word to *Abr'ham* first;
His Truth fulfils the Grace;
The Gentiles make his Name their Trust,
And learn his Righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her different Tongues;
And spread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

P A R T II.

- 4 JOY to the World; the LORD is come!
Let Earth receive her KING:
Let ev'ry Heart prepare Him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature sing.

- 5 Joy to the Earth ; the SAVIOUR reigns !
 Let Men their Songs employ ; [Plains,
 While Seas and Shores, Rocks, Hills, and
 Repeat the sounding Joy.
- 6 No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
 Nor Thorns infest the Ground ;
 He comes to make his Blessings flow,
 Far as the Curse is found.
- 7 He rules the World with Truth and Grace ;
 And makes the Nations prove
 The Glories of his Righteousness,
 And Wonders of his Love.

P S A L M XCVIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **S**ING to the God whom we adore ;
 O sing, in Strains unheard before,
 The Mercies shown us from above,
 The Wonders of redeeming Love :
 His holy Arm Salvation sends,
 And Conquest on its Stroke attends.
- 2 His Justice through the World has shin'd ;
 His Truth, with endless Mercy join'd,
 Now seals the Promise of his Grace
 To faithful *Abr'ham's* chosen Race ;
 And Earth, to just Obedience aw'd,
 Has own'd her SAVIOUR and her God.
- 3 To him who claims th' eternal Sway,
 To Him the vocal Tribute pay :
 Him let the hoarse-resounding Tide,
 With All that in its Depths reside,
 Praise, thank, and bless, in loudest Strains ;
 Him Earth, and All whom Earth sustains.

- 4 Ye Floods triumphant clap the Hand ;
 Ye cloud-topt Hills, exulting stand ;
 See, thron'd aloft in awful State,
 (While Man's whole Race his Sentence wait)
 The Judge supreme his Scale assume ;
 And Equity directs the Doom.

P S A L M XCIX. Metre i.

- 1 **T**HE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
 Let all the Nations fear ;
 Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
 And Saints be humble there.
- 2 JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
 Let Earth adore its LORD :
 Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,
 Swift to fulfil his Word.
- 3 In Zion is his Throne,
 His Honours are divine ;
 His Church shall make his Wonders known,
 For there his Glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his Name !
 How terrible his Praise !
 Justice and Truth, and Judgment join
 In all his Works of Grace.

P A R T II.

- 5 EXALT the LORD our GOD,
 And worship at his Feet ;
 His Nature is all Holiness,
 And Mercy is his Seat.

6 When *Israel* was his Church,
 When *Aaron* was his Priest,
 When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
 He gave his People Rest.

7 Oft He forgave their Sins,
 Nor would destroy their Race;
 And oft He made his Vengeance known,
 When they abus'd his Grace.

8 Exalt the LORD our GOD,
 Whose Grace is still the same;
 Still He's a GOD of Holiness,
 And jealous for his Name.

P S A L M XCIX. Metre ii.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: Ye Nations own,
 With prostrate Hearts, his Sway:
 Between the Cherubs stands his Throne;
 Earth! tremble and obey.

2 Let Each, with humble Joy elate,
 Before thy Footstool bow;
 Thee, ceaseless, praise: For who so Great,
 So Holy, LORD, as Thou?

3 By GOD with sacred Honours crown'd,
 See *Moses*, *Aaron* see;
 And *Samuel*, ever faithful found,
 To Him incline the Knee.

4 To Him the favour'd Three aloud
 The frequent Vow preferr'd,
 And, instant, from the pillar'd Cloud,
 His awful Answer heard.

- 5 With wakeful Zeal their Bosoms burn'd,
 Observant of his Will,
 With Joy the heav'nly Precept learn'd,
 And hasten'd to fulfil.
- 6 To THEE, great GOD, their ev'ry Pray'r
 In full Acceptance rose :
 Thy Hand their Weakness knew to spare,
 And, pitying, heal'd their Woes.
- 7 Yet could thy Wrath, when Sin had dar'd
 Their erring Breast to stain,
 Deal to their Guilt a just Reward,
 And vindicate thy Reign.
- 8 Let Each, with humble Joy elate,
 On *Sion's* Mountain bow ;
 Thee, ceaseless, praise : For who so Great,
 So Holy, LORD, as Thou ?

P S A L M C.

- 1 **A**LL People that on Earth do dwell,
 Sing to the LORD with cheerful Voice ;
 Him serve with Fear, his Praise forth-tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed,
 Without our Aid He did us make ;
 We are his Flock, He doth us feed,
 And for his Sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his Gates with Praise,
 Approach with Joy his Courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why? the LORD our God is good,
His Mercy is for ever sure :
His Truth at all Times firmly stood,
And shall from Age to Age endure.

V E R S I O N II.

- 1 **W**ITH one Consent let all the Earth
To God their cheerful Voices raise,
Glad Homage pay with hallow'd Mirth,
And sing before Him Songs of Praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and All proceed ;
We whom He chooses for his own,
The Flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his Temple-Gate,
Thence to his Courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful Hymns repeat,
And still his Name with Praises blest.
- 4 For He's the LORD, supremely good,
His Mercy is for ever sure ;
His Truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless Ages shall endure.

V E R S I O N III.

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy :
Know that the LORD is GOD alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men ;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

- 3 We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame :—
What lasting Honours shall we rear,
Almighty MAKER, to thy Name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs;
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;
And Earth, with her ten Thousand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.
- 5 Wide as the World is thy Command !
Vast as Eternity thy Love !
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CI.

- 1 **O**F Justice and of Grace I sing,
And pay my God my Vows ;
Thy Grace and Justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my House.
- 2 Now to my Tent, O God, repair,
And make thy Servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine Eyes.
- 3 The Man that doth his Neighbour wrong
By Falsehood or by Force,
The scornful Eye, the slanderous Tongue,
I'll thrust them from my Doors.
- 4 I'll seek the Faithful and the Just,
And will their Help enjoy ;
These are the Friends that I will trust,
The Servants I'll employ.

- 5 The Wretch that meditates Deceit
 I'll not endure a Night !
 The Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
 And banish from my Sight.
- 6 I'll purge my Family around,
 And make the Wicked flee !
 So shall my House be ever found
 A Dwelling meet for Thee.

P S A L M C II.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O GOD, nor hide thy Face,
 But answer, lest I die :
 Hast Thou not built a Throne of Grace,
 To hear when Sinners cry ?
- 2 My Days are wasted like the Smoke
 Dissolving in the Air :
 My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
 And sinking in Despair.
- 3 So walks the Pelican distressed,
 The Bird of Night so shrieks :
 So the sad Sparrow, from his Nest,
 His lost Companion seeks.
- 4 Sense can afford no real Joy
 To Souls that feel thy Frown ;
 LORD, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
 Thy Hand hath cast me down.
- 5 I like a wither'd Leaf appear ;
 And Life's declining Light
 Grows faint as Ev'ning Shadows are,
 That vanish into Night.

- 6 But Thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God ;
Ages to come shall know thy Name,
And spread thy Works abroad.
- 7 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy Face,
Nor will my LORD delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long-expected Day.
- 8 He hears his Saints, He knows their Cry,
And by mysterious Ways
Redeems the Pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praise.

P A R T II.

- 9 LET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour :
Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.
- 10 Her Dust and Ruins that remain
Are precious in our Eyes ;
Those Ruins shall be built again,
And all that Dust shall rise.
- 11 The LORD will raise *Jerusalem*,
And stand in Glory there ;
Nations shall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.
- 12 He sits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes :
He hears the dying Pris'ners groan,
And sees their Sighs arise.

- 13 He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
'Twill ne'er be said, "That praying Breath
"Was ever spent in vain."
- 14 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the LORD.

P A R T III.

- 15 IT is the LORD our SAVIOUR's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race;
Disease and Death at his Command
Arrest us, and cut short our Days.
- 16 Spare us, O LORD, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon;
Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And must thy Children die so soon?
- 17 Yet in the Midst of Death and Grief,
This Thought our Sorrow shall assuage;
"Our FATHER and our SAVIOUR live;
"CHRIST is the same through ev'ry Age."
- 18 'Twas He this Earth's Foundation laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand; [fade,
This Earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall
And all be chang'd at his Command.
- 19 The starry Curtains of the Sky,
Like Garments, shall be laid aside;
But still thy Throne stands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever must abide.

- 20 Before thy Face thy Church shall live;
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World shall they survive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

P S A L M CIII. Metre i.

- 1 **O** BLESS the LORD, my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,
Whose Favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the LORD, my Soul!
Nor let his Mercies lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulness;
And without Praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy Sins,
'Tis He relieves thy Pain,
'Tis He who heals thy Sickneses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ransom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,
Hath sov'reign Pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Sufferers Rest;
The LORD hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Justice for th' Opprest.
- 6 His wondrous Works and Ways
He made by *Moses* known;
But sent the World his Truth and Grace,
By his beloved Son.

PART II.

- 7 MY Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great ;
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 8 God will not always chide ;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.
- 9 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our highest Thoughts exceed.
- 10 His Pow'r subdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,
Doth all our Guilt remove.
- 11 The Pity of the LORD
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel ;
He knows our feeble Frame.
- 12 He knows we are but Dust
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath ;
His Anger, like a rising Wind,
Can send us swift to Death !
- 13 Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning-Flower :
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

- 14 But thy Compassions, LORD,
To endless Years endure ;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise sure.

P A R T III.

- 15 THE LORD, the sov'reign KING,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high ;
O'er all the heav'nly World He rules,
And All beneath the Sky.
- 16 Ye Angels, great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bless ye the LORD, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.
- 17 Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.
- 18 While all his wondrous Works
Through his vast Kingdom shew
Their MAKER's Glory,—thou, my Soul,
Shalt sing his Graces too.

P S A L M CIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my Soul, the living GOD,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove
Let all the Pow'rs within me join [abroad ;
In Work and Worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my Soul, the GOD of Grace ;
His Favours claim thy highest Praise :
Why should the Wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in Silence, and forgot ?

- 3 'Tis He, my Soul, that sent his SON
To die for Crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.
- 4 The Vices of the Mind He heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels :
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting Life from threat'ning Graves.
- 5 Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs ;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years :
He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.
- 6 Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess ;
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace ;
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.

P A R T II.

- 7 THE LORD abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace :
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.
- 8 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,
Above this little Spot of Clay ;
So much his boundless Love transcends
The small Respects that we can pay.
- 9 As far as 'tis from *East* to *West*,
So far has He our Sins remov'd ;
Who with a Father's tender Breast
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

- 10 For GOD, who all our Frame surveys,
 Considers that we are but Clay ;
 How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days
 Like Grafs or Flow'rs must fade away.
- 11 While they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
 Nor can we find their former Place ;
 God's faithful Mercy ever lasts
 To those that fear Him, and their Race.
- 12 Let ev'ry Creature jointly blefs
 The mighty LORD ; and thou, my Heart,
 With grateful Joy thy Thanks exprefs,
 And in this Concert bear thy Part.

P S A L M CIV.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, thy great Creator praise ;
 When cloth'd in his celestial Rays
 He in full Majesty appears,
 And like a Robe his Glory wears.
- 2 The Heav'ns are for his Curtains spread ;
 Th' unfathom'd Deep He makes his Bed :
 Clouds are his Chariot, when He flies
 On winged Storms across the Skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own Breath inspires,
 His Ministers, are flaming Fires ;
 And swift as Thought their Armies move,
 To bear his Vengeance or his Love.
- 4 The World's Foundations by his Hand
 Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand ;
 He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
 Lest it should drown the Earth again.

- 5 When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.
- 6 The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round ;
Yet thence refresh the thirsty Plain,
And Life in all its Forms sustain.
- 7 He bids the crystal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Valleys as they go ;
Tame Heifers there, their Thirst allay,
And for the Stream wild Asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant Trees which shade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet light to drink ;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raise,
And chide our Silence in his Praise.

PART II.

9. GOD from his cloudy Cistern pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs ;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy Food arise,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies ;
With Herbs for Man of various Pow'r,
To nourish Nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble Fruit the Vines produce !
The Olive yields a shining Juice ;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces shine.

- 12 O blefs his Name, ye *Britons*, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread;
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve Him with Vigour in your Hearts.

P A R T III.

- 13 BEHOLD the stately Cedar stands
Rais'd in the Forest by his Hands;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Nests secure on high.
- 14 To cragg y Hills ascends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell:
He gives them Wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face;
And when thick Darkness veils the Day,
Calls out wild Beasts to hunt their Prey.
- 16 Fierce Lions lead their Young abroad,
And roaring ask their Meat from God;
But when the Morning-Beams arise,
The savage Beast to Covert flies.
- 17 Then Man to daily Labour goes;
The Night was made for his Repose:—
Sleep is thy Gift, that sweet Relief
From tiresome Toil and wasting Grief.
- 18 How strange thy Works! how great thy
And ev'ry Land thy Riches fill; [Skill!
Thy Wisdom round the World we see,
This spacious Earth is full of THEE.

19 Nor less thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fish in Millions swim and creep
With wondrous Motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the Paths below.

20 There Ships divide their wat'ry Way,
And Flocks of scaly Monsters play;
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
And foams and sports in spite of Man.

P A R T IV.

21 VAST are thy Works, Almighty LORD!
All Nature rests upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures stands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

22 While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their cheerful Looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent Forms.

23 But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their Dust return;
Both Man and Beast their Souls resign;
Life, Breath, and Spirit, all are Thine.

24 Yet Thou canst breathe on Dust again,
And fill the World with Beasts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

25 His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight;
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The LORD is dreadful in his Praise.

- 26 The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke;
And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke;
Yet humble Souls may see thy Face,
And tell their Wants to sov'reign Grace.
- 27 In Thee my Hopes and Wishes meet,
And make my Meditations sweet;
Thy Praises shall my Breath employ,
Till it expires in endless Joy.
- 28 While haughty Sinners die accurst,
Their Glory bury'd with their Dust,
I to my GOD, my heav'nly KING,
Immortal *Hallelujahs* sing.

P S A L M CV.

- 1 **O** R E N D E R Thanks, and bless the
Invoke his sacred Name: [LORD,
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
His Matchless Deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his Praise in lofty Hymns,
His wondrous Works rehearse;
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
The Subject of your Verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy
Who humbly seek the LORD.
- 4 Seek ye the LORD, his saving Strength
Devoutly still implore;
And where He's ever present, seek
His Face for evermore.

5 O let the Works his Hands have wrought
Your Admiration move ;
Think on the Judgments of his Mouth,
And Wonders of his Love.

6 His Cov'nant, which He kept in Mind
For num'rous Ages past,
To num'rous Ages yet behind
In equal Force shall last.

P A R T II.

7 GOD swore to *Abr'ham* and his Seed,
And made the Blessings sure ;
Gentiles the ancient Promise read,
And find his Truth endure.

8 "Thy Seed shall make all Nations blest,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
"And *Canaan's* Land shall be their Rest,
"The Type of heav'nly Joys."

9 How large the Grant! Howrich the Grace,
To give them *Canaan's* Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band.

10 Like Pilgrims through the Countries round,
Securely they remov'd ;
And haughty Kings that on them frown'd,
Severely He reprov'd.

11 "Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
"Shall soon revenge the Wrong ;
"The Man that does my Prophets Harm,
"Shall know their GOD is strong."

- 12 Then let the World forbear its Rage,
Nor put the Church in Fear;
Israel must live through ev'ry Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

P A R T III.

- 13 THUS were the Tribes from Bondage
And left the hated Ground; [brought,
Each some *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
And not One feeble found.
- 14 The LORD himself chose out their Way,
And mark'd their Journeys right;
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.
- 15 They thirst; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow;
And following still the Course they took,
Ran all the Desert through.
- 16 O wondrous Stream! O blessed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace!
So CHRIST our Rock maintains our Life
Through all this Wilderness.
- 17 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The chosen Tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Rest.
- 18 Then let the World forbear its Rage,
The Church renounce her Fear;
Israel must live through ev'ry Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

P S A L M CVI. Metre i.

1 **O** RENDER Thanks to GOD above,
The Fountain of eternal Love,
Whose Mercy firm through Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never stray,
Who know what's right, not only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that Favour, LORD,
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy Salvation visit me.

5 O! may I worthy prove to see
Thy Saints in full Prosperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

P S A L M CVI. Metre ii.

1 **L** ET Songs of Joy to GOD ascend,
Whose Love no Limit knows nor
But O, what Tongue in equal Lay [End;
His Acts can speak, his Praise display?
Thrice happy who with steadfast Will
The Dictates of his Law fulfil!

2 O grant me, with thy Flock, to prove
The Pow'r of thy redeeming Love;

And while thy Mercy on our Heads
The Fulness of its Blessing sheds,
With them th' accepted Hymn to sing
To Thee, my SAVIOUR and my KING.

3 Too faithful Followers of our Sires,
Our Life with theirs, great GOD, conspires
Thy Wrath on this our Realm to call,
And teach thy Terrors here to fall ;
Where soon Oblivion can efface
Each Act of thy stupendous Grace.

4 Yet, still our FATHER, still our FRIEND,
To *Israel's* Voice, great GOD, attend ;
That *Sion* with delighted Ear
The hallow'd Strains again my hear :
Thy Name the Subject of each Song,
Thy Praise the Boast of ev'ry Tongue.

5 O, thankful, hail th' Almighty LORD,
The GOD, by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd :
To Him through endless Ages raise
One Song of oft-repeated Praise :
And let consenting Nations join
To bless, with us, the Name divine.

P S A L M CVII.

1 **T**O GOD above from All below
Let Hymns of Praise ascend ;
Whose Blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose Mercy knows no End.

2 But chief by those his Name be blest,
To whom his Aid He gave ;
Beheld them by the Foe oppress'd,
And reach'd his Arm to save.

- 3 To East, to West, to South, to North,
 Condemn'd awhile to roam ;
 His Hand in Pity brought them forth,
 And call'd the Wand'ers home.
- 4 Behold them o'er the Desert stray,
 A helpless, hopeless Train :
 Some City where their Steps to stay
 They seek, but seek in vain.
- 5 Ah ! what shall cheer their fainting Mind,
 Or what their Woes assuage,
 To Thirst's afflictive Pain consign'd,
 Or Famine's fiercest Rage ?
- 6 Distress'd, to God they make their Pray'r :
 He guides, secures their Feet ;
 And, safe in his protecting Care,
 They reach their destin'd Seat.
- 7 O then that All would bless his Name,
 Whose Mercy thus they prove,
 And, pleas'd, from Age to Age proclaim
 The Wonders of his Love.

P A R T II.

- 8 WHO o'er the Waves from Shore to Shore
 The Gifts of Commerce bear,
 The Wonders of the Deep explore,
 And own that God is there.
- 9 By these his Works are seen ; his Ways
 By these are understood ;
 He speaks the Word ; the Storm obeys,
 And rising lifts the Flood.

- 10 Now high as Heav'n the Bark ascends,
Now seeks the Depth below :
Each Heart beneath the Terror bends,
And melts with inward Woe.
- 11 As gorg'd with Wine, in wild Amaze
They reel from Side to Side :
Nor Hope survives, their Souls to raise,
Nor Reason wakes to guide.
- 12 Distrest, to God they make their Pray'r,
Obedient to his Will,
The Storms that rag'd, their Rage forbear,
The Seas that roar'd, are still.
- 13 Joy now revives each anxious Mind ;
They see their Labour o'er ;
Then, led by Him, their Haven find,
And touch the wish'd-for Shore.
- 14 O then that All would bless his Name,
Whose Mercy thus they prove ;
And, pleas'd, from Age to Age proclaim
The Wonders of his Love.

P A R T III.

- 15 GOD speaks ; and lo, a burning Waste,
Where roll'd the Floods before ;
And, touch'd by the descending Blast,
The Springs are seen no more.
- 16 Sad Witness of some dire Offence,
Behold the fertile Soil
No more its wonted Gifts dispense,
But mock the Tiller's Toil.

- 17 He bids ; and o'er the Desert wide,
The liquid Lake is spread :
New Springs the thirsty Earth divide,
And murm'ring lift the Head.
- 18 And now they sow the foodful Grain,
The tender Vine they rear ;
Now waves the Harvest o'er the Plain,
And Plenty crowns the Year.
- 19 Anon, if, sunk with heaviest Woe,
They feel Oppression's Pow'r ;
Though civil Rage, or conqu'ring Foe,
Their boasted Strength devour ;
- 20 His Hand affords the wish'd Release,
Collects their scatter'd Train ;
And bids them like the Flocks increase
That fill the verdant Plain.
- 21 His Works attentive while it sees,
The Heav'n-instructed Mind
Shall own how equal his Decrees,
His Providence how kind.

P S A L M CVIII. Metre i.

- 1 **O** GOD, my Heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name ;
My Tongue, with cheerful Songs of Praise,
Shall celebrate thy Fame.
- 2 Awake, my Lute, nor thou, my Harp,
Thy warbling Notes delay ;
While I, with early Hymns of Joy,
Prevent the dawning Day.

3 To all the list'ning Tribes, O LORD,
Thy Wonders I will tell,
And to those Nations sing thy Praise
That round about us dwell.

4 Because thy Mercy's boundless Height
The highest Heav'n transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds
Thy Faithfulness extends.

5 Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high
Above the starry Frame;
And let the World, with one Consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

6 That all thy chosen People Thee
Their SAVIOUR may declare,
Let thy Right-Hand protect me still,
And answer Thou my Pray'r.

P S A L M CVIII. Metre ii.

1 **O** GOD, my Heart is fix'd, is bent,
Its thankful Tribute to present;
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my GOD, in Songs of Praise.

2 Awake my Glory,—Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

3 Thy Praises, LORD, I will resound
To all the list'ning Nations round;
Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy Glory fills the Sky;
So let it be on Earth display'd,
Till Thou art here as there obey'd.

P S A L M CVIII. Metre iii.

- 1 **M**Y Heart, blest SAVIOUR, is resign'd,
And fix'd to ev'ry Point enjoin'd
By thy divine Decree;
I'll praise Thee with my Lips, the best
Of all my Members, for they're blest
In magnifying Thee.
- 2 Awake, and be thy Strains renew'd,
Thou Glory of my Gratitude,
Awake, my Harp, and play,—
Awake, my Lute,—myself shall rise,
As soon as these uplifted Eyes
Can catch a Glance of Day.
- 3 O LORD, with thankful Voice and Hand,
Among the Natives of the Land,
Thy Mercies I'll proclaim;
To Strangers I will sing thy Worth,
And make my Progress through the Earth,
To magnify thy Name.
- 4 Lo! to the Clouds thy Truth extends;
Thy Mercy Heav'n's vast Height transcends,
From whence thy Glories flow:
Shine forth, O God, with cloudless Ray,
And wondrous Acts of Grace display
Throughout the World below.

- 5 The Just, blest Objects of thy Love,
 Defend propitious from above,
 And hear thy Suppliant's Voice:—
 Since Thou hast sworn in Holiness,
 I'll plead thy Promise, trust thy Grace,
 And evermore rejoice.

P S A L M CIX.

- 1 **G**OD of my Mercy and my Praise,
 Thy Glory is my Song;
 Though Sinners speak against thy Grace
 With a blaspheming Tongue.
- 2 When in the Form of mortal Man
 Thy SON on Earth was found,
 With cruel Slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd Him around.
- 3 Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,
 Their Peace He still pursu'd;
 They render Hatred for his Love,
 And Evil for his Good.
- 4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cause;
 Yet, with his dying Breath,
 He pray'd for Murd'ers on his Cross,
 And bless'd his Foes in Death.
- 5 **L**ORD, shall thy bright Example shine
 In vain before my Eyes?
 Give me a Soul akin to Thine,
 To love mine Enemies.
- 6 The **L**ORD shall on my Side engage,
 And in my **S**AVIOUR's Name
 I shall defeat their Pride and Rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M CX. Metre i.

- 1 JESUS, our LORD, ascend thy Throne,
And near the FATHER sit;
In Zion shall thy Pow'r be known,
And make thy Foes submit.
- 2 What Wonder shall thy Gospel do!
Thy Converts shall surpass
The num'rous Drops of Morning-Dew,
And own thy sov'reign Grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what He swore;
"Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
"When *Aaron* is no more.
- 4 "*Melchisedec*, that wondrous Priest,
"That King of high Degree,
"That holy Man who *Abr'ham* blest,
"Was but a Type of Thee."
- 5 JESUS our PRIEST for ever lives
To plead for us above;
JESUS our KING for ever gives
The Blessings of his Love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain;
Shall strike the Pow'rs and Princes dead,
Who dare oppose his Reign.

P S A L M CX. Metre ii.

- 1 THUS the eternal FATHER spake
To CHRIST the SON, "Ascend and sit
"At my Right-Hand, till I shall make
"Thy Foes submissive at thy Feet.

- 2 "From Zion shall thy Word proceed;
 "Thy Word, the Sceptre in thy Hand,
 "Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
 "And bow their Wills to thy Command.
- 3 "That Day shall shew thy Pow'r is great,
 "When Saints shall flock with willing Minds,
 "And Sinners crowd thy Temple-Gate,
 "Where Holiness in Beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed Pow'r! O glorious Day!
 What a large Vict'ry shall ensue!
 And Converts who thy Grace obey
 Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

P A R T II.

- 5 THUS the great LORD of Earth and Sea
 Spake to his SON, and thus He swore;
 "Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
 "And change from Hand to Hand no more.
- 6 "Aaron and all his Sons must die,
 "But everlasting Life is Thine,
 "To save for ever those that fly
 "For Refuge from the Wrath divine.
- 7 "By Me Melchisedec was made
 "On Earth a King and Priest at once;
 "And Thou my heav'nly PRIEST shalt plead;
 "And Thou, my KING, shalt rule my Sons."
- 8 JESUS the Priest ascends his Throne,
 While Counsels of eternal Peace,
 Between the FATHER and the SON,
 Proceed with Honour and Success.

- 9 Through the whole Earth his Reign shall
And crush the Pow'rs that dare rebel: [spread,
Then shall He judge the rising Dead,
And send the guilty World to Hell.
- 10 Though while He treads his glorious Way,
He drinks the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Suff'rings of that dreadful Day
Shall but advance Him near to God.

P S A L M CX. Metre iii.

- 1 **T**HE LORD unto my LORD, thus spake,
Till I thy Foes thy Foot-Stool make,
Sit Thou in State at my Right-Hand;
Supreme in *Sion* Thou shalt be,
And all thy proud Opposers see
Subjected to thy just Command.

- 2 Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
The willing Nations shall obey,
And when thy rising Beams they view,
Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
Appear as numberless and bright
As Crystal Drops of Morning-Dew.

- 3 The LORD hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like *Melchisedec's*, thy Reign
And Priesthood shall no Period know;
No proud Competitor shall sit
At thy Right-Hand—but Pow'rs submit,
And Thrones before thy Foot-Stool bow.

P S A L M CXI. Metre i.

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal Praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my Heart and He my Tongue,
To spread his Name abroad.

- 2 How great the Works his Hand has
How glorious in our Sight ! [wrought!
And Men in ev'ry Age have fought
His Wonders with Delight.
- 3 How most exact is Nature's Frame !
How wise th' Eternal Mind !
His Counsels never change the Scheme
That his first Thoughts design'd.
- 4 When He redeem'd his chosen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant sure :
The Orders that his Lips pronounce,
To endless Years endure.
- 5 Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy Name ?
- 6 To fear thy Pow'r, to trust thy Grace,
Is our divinest Skill ;
And he's the wisest of our Race
Who best obeys thy Will.

P A R T II.

- 7 GREAT is the LORD, his Works of Might
Demand our noblest Songs ;
Let his assembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.
- 8 Great is the Mercy of the LORD,
He gives his Children Food ;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promise good.

- 9 His SON, the great REDEEMER, came
 To seal his Cov'nant sure :
 Holy and rev'rend is his Name,
 His Ways are just and pure.
- 10 They that would grow divinely wise,
 Must with his Fear begin ;
 Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
 In hating ev'ry Sin.

P S A L M CXI. Metre ii.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, with sacred Zeal inspir'd,
 Shall wake to God the thankful
 In secret with his Saints retir'd, [Strain,
 And 'midst fair *Sion's* crowded Fane.
- 2 Great are his Works : with studious Aim
 Each faithful Heart those Works has trac'd ;
 His Acts shall highest Honour claim,
 His Righteousness for ever last.
- 3 His Wonders to the grateful Sense
 In sweet Memorial stand confest :
 For boundless Grace his Hands dispense,
 And tend'rest Pity warms his Breast.
- 4 His Love, the Souls to him ally'd,
 With Food of heav'nly Growth has fill'd,
 Nor suffers from his Thoughts to slide
 The Promise to his People seal'd.
- 5 Salvation from our God descends ;
 His Faith shall *Israel's* Bliss ensure :
 Majestic Awe his Name attends,
 And Sanctity from Blemish pure.

- 6 His Fear th' obedient Heart refines,
 And Wisdom's Path to View displays:
 In brightest Beams array'd it shines,
 And prompts each Tongue to endless Praise.

P S A L M CXII.

- 1 **T**HAT Man is blest who stands in Awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd;
 His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be
 An unexhausted Treasury,
 And with successive Honours crown'd.
- 2 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends;
 A gen'rous Pity fills his Mind;
 Yet what his Charity impairs,
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs,
 And thus he's just to all Mankind.
- 3 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
 His Glory's future Harvest sow'd:—
 The sweet Remembrance of the Just,
 Like a green Root, revives and bears
 A Train of Blessings for his Heirs,
 When dying Nature sleeps in Dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,
 Unmov'd the Just maintains his Ground;
 His Conscience holds his Courage up:
 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
 Shines brightest in Affliction's Night,
 And sees in Darkness Beams of Hope.

5 Ill Tidings never can surprise
 His Heart, that fix'd on God relies;
 Though Waves and Tempests roar around:
 Safe on the Rock he sits and sees
 The shipwreck of his Enemies,
 And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

6 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
 And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
 To find their Expectations crost :
 They and their Envy, Pride, and Spite,
 Sink down to everlasting Night,
 And all their Names in Darkness lost.

P S A L M CXIII. Metre i.

- 1 **Y**E Saints and Servants of the LORD,
 The Triumphs of his Name record,
 His sacred Name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling Sun displays
 His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
 Due Praise to his great Name address.
- 2 GOD through the World extends his Sway,
 The Regions of eternal Day
 But Shadows of his Glory are :
 With Him whose Majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells,
 Let no created Pow'r compare.
- 3 Though 'tis beneath his State to view
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
 Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care :
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,
 Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

- 4 When childless Families despair,
 He sends the Blessing of an Heir,
 To rescue their expiring Name :
 The Mother, with a thankful Voice,
 Proclaims his Praises and her Joys :—
 Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

P S A L M CXIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **Y**E Servants of th' Almighty KING,
 In ev'ry Age his Praises sing ;—
 Where'er the Sun shall rise or set,
 The Nations shall his Praise repeat.
- 2 Above the Earth, beyond the Sky,
 Stands his high Throne of Majesty ;
 Nor Time, nor Place his Pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal Reign.
- 3 Behold his Love :—He stoops to view
 What Saints above and Angels do ;
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean Affairs of Men below.
- 4 From Dust and Cottages obscure
 His Grace exalts the humble Poor ;
 Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
 And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

P S A L M CXIV. Metre i.

- 1 **W**HEN *Jacob's* Sons, thro' Paths un-
 From *Egypt* took their Way, [known,
 In *Judah's* Tribe his Presence shone,
 And *Israel* own'd his Sway.

- 2 Old Ocean saw them, as they came ;
He saw, and backward fled :
Recoiling *Jordan* turn'd his Stream,
And sought his Fountain-Head.
- 3 The Mountains feel the sudden Shock ;
As Rams, from off the Ground
They spring:—As Younglings of the Flock,
The Hills affrighted bound.
- 4 Thou Ocean, say, why, as they came,
Thy Billows backward fled ?
And what, O *Jordan*, urg'd thy Stream
To seek its Fountain-Head ?
- 5 Ye Mountains, whence the sudden Shock ?
Why leap ye from the Ground
As Rams ?—As Younglings of the Flock,
Say why, O Hills, ye bound ?
- 6 Earth tremble on ! well may'st Thou fear
Thy Maker's Face to see ;
When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,
'Tis Time for Earth to flee.
- 7 That God, beneath whose potent Stroke
The Flint a Torrent gave ;
Who spake ;—and from the yielding Rock
Gush'd forth the bidden Wave.

P S A L M CXIV. Metre ii.

[Hand,
1 **W**HEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh's*
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own
Their KING, and *Judah* was his Throne.

- 2 Across the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way:
Jordan beheld their March, and fled,
With backward Current, to his Head.
- 3 The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her Base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign Pow'r at hand.
- 4 What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?
- 5 Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Israel*: See Him here!
Tremble, thou Earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
The Rock to standing Pools He turns:
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess the LORD.

P S A L M CXV.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but Dust,
Not to ourselves is Glory due,
Eternal God, Thou only Just,
Thou only Gracious, Wise, and True.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name!
Why should a *Heathen's* haughty Tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our Shame, [long?]
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so

- 3 The GOD we serve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies ;
Through all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, He hears our Cries.
- 4 But the vain Idols they adore
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood ;
At best a Mass of glitt'ring Ore,
A silver *Saint*, or golden *God*.
- 5 With Eyes and Ears, they carve their Head ;
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind ;
In vain are costly Off'rings made,
And Vows are scatter'd in the Wind.
- 6 Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to save when Mortals pray ;
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.
- 7 O *Israel*, make the LORD thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest ;
The LORD shall build thy Ruins up,
And bless the People and the Priest.
- 8 The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave ;
But we shall live to sing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

P S A L M CXVI. Metre i.

- 1 I LOVE the LORD : He heard my Cries,
And pity'd ev'ry Groan ;
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.

- 2 I love the LORD : He bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away :
O let my Heart no more despair,
While I have Breath to pray !
- 3 My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead :
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.
- 4 " My God, I cry'd, thy Servant save,
" Thou ever Good and Just ;
" Thy Pow'r can rescue from the Grave ;
" Thy Pow'r is all my Trust."
- 5 The LORD beheld me fore distressed ;
He bids my Pains remove :
Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears :
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

P A R T II.

- 7 WHAT shall I render, O my God,
For all thy Kindness shown ?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.
- 8 Among the Saints that fill thine House
My Offerings shall be paid ;
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguish made.

- 9 How much is Mercy thy Delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!
 How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
 How precious is their Blood!
- 10 How happy all thy Servants are!
 How great thy Grace to me!
 My Life, which Thou hast made thy Care,
 LORD, I devote to Thee.
- 11 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
 Nor shall my Purpose move;
 Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bands of Pain,
 And bound me with thy Love.
- 12 Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
 And thy rich Grace record;
 Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the LORD.

P S A L M CXVI. Metre ii. [Breast,

- 1 **H**OW glows with grateful Love my
 For God the Voice of my Request
 Accepts,—and, while my Hands I rear,
 Bows to my Plaint his willing Ear;
 For this, to Life's extremest Hour,
 My Lips to Him their Praise shall pour.
- 2 His Mercies, 'midst thy deepest Woe,
 By blest Experience taught to know,
 Turn, turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul;
 For He who sits above the Pole
 (Tremendous Name!) has o'er thy Head
 The Fulness of his Bounty shed.

- 3 To God my Heart resign'd its Care;
 To Him my Tongue address'd its Pray'r;
 While struck with Horrors as I stood,
 A Sea of Sorrows round me flow'd;
 "No more, my Soul, no more, I cry'd,
 "In Man's fallacious Aid confide."

- 4 O what Requital at my Hand,
 Shall Mercies, LORD, like thine demand?
 By Thee, from each Distress enlarg'd,
 The Cup with Benediction charg'd
 I take,—and, touch'd with holy Flame,
 Invoke my great DELIV'ERER'S Name.

P S A L M CXVI. Metre iii.

- 1 I LOVE the LORD; his gracious Ear
 Inclined to my distressful Pray'r;
 He heard my supplicating Voice,
 And bade my fainting Heart rejoice.
- 2 For this, when future Sorrows rise,
 To Him I'll breathe my humble Cries;
 For this, thro' all my future Days,
 Adore his Name and sing his Praise.
- 3 For ever gracious is the LORD,
 For ever faithful to his Word;
 By blest Experience now I prove
 His Mercy, his unchanging Love.
- 4 Return my Soul, and sweetly rest
 On thy Almighty FATHER'S Breast;
 The Bounties of his Grace adore,
 And count his wondrous Mercies o'er.

P A R T II.

5 NOW will I walk before the LORD,
A living Witness to his Word ;
With Faith and Pray'r I fought his Face,
My Grievs were great, and great his Grace.

6 No meaner Help, no mortal Art,
Could ease the Anguish of my Heart ;
My hasty Tongue, in rash Replies,
Pronounc'd the Words of Men but Lies.

7 What shall I render to the LORD ?
Or how his wondrous Grace record ?
To Him my grateful Voice I'll raise,
And change my Sighs for Songs of Praise.

8 The crowded Courts shall see me pay
The Vows of my distressful Day :
In Life and Death the Saints shall find
Their Guardian-GOD for ever kind.

P A R T III.

9 THY Servant, LORD, is wholly Thine,
By Nature's Ties, and Bonds divine ;
From deep Distress and Sorrow free,
Anew I give myself to Thee.

10 To Thee with Sacrifice of Praise,
My Invocations I will raise ;
To Thee my Vows shall warm ascend,
While Crowds with Joy thy House attend.

11 O Sion, in thy sacred Courts,
Where Glory dwells and Joy resorts,
To Notes divine I'll tune the Song,
And Praise shall flow from ev'ry Tongue.

P S A L M CXVII. Metre i.

1 **T**H Y Name, Almighty LORD,
 Shall sound through distant Lands :
 Great is thy Grace, and sure thy Word ;
 Thy Truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine Honour spread,
 And long thy Praise endure,
 Till Morning-Light and Ev'ning-Shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Metre ii.

1 **P**RAISE the LORD, with hallow'd Mirth,
 Ev'ry Nation, Tribe, and Tongue ;
 Christians, militant on Earth,
 Let your SAVIOUR'S Praise be sung.

2 See his Mercy o'er our Land
 Spread its ever-healing Wing ;
 And his Truth through Ages stand ;
 Praise, O praise, th' eternal KING.

P S A L M CXVII. Metre iii.

1 **F**ROM All that dwell below the Skies
 Let the CREATOR'S Praise arise :
 Let the REDEEMER'S Name be sung
 Through ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

2 Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD ;
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
 Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Metre iv.

- 1 **T**O God let all the Nations raise
 Their cheerful Voice and sing his
 His Mercy and his Love are sure; [Praise :
 His Truth for ever shall endure ;
 His Kindness to us we'll record,
 And will for ever praise the LORD.

P S A L M CXVIII. Metre i.

- 1 **S**EE what a living Stone
 The Builders did refuse ;
 Yet God hath built his Church thereon,
 In spite of envious *Jews*.
- 2 The Scribe and angry Priest
 Reject thine only SON ;
 Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest,
 As the chief Corner-Stone.
- 3 The Work, O LORD, is Thine,
 And wondrous in our Eyes ;
 This Day declares it all divine,
 This Day did JESUS rise.
- 4 This is the glorious Day
 That our REDEEMER made ;
 Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
 Let all the Church be glad.
- 5 *Hosannah* to the KING
 Of *David's* royal Blood ;
 Bless Him, ye Saints : He comes to bring
 Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy Word,
 Which all this Grace displays ;
 And offer on thine Altar, LORD,
 Our Sacrifice of Praise.

P. S. A. L. M. CXVIII. Matthe. ii.

1 **T**HE LORD appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
Of what the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords its Aid.

2 'Tis safer, LORD, to hope in Thee,
And have my GOD my Friend,
Than trust in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

3 Like Bees my Foes beset me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I shall all their Rage confound,
By thine Almighty-Arm.

4 'Tis through the LORD my Heart is strong,
In Him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How cheerful is my Voice!

5 Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When GOD appears they fly;
So burning Thorns, with crackling Sound,
Make a fierce Blaze and die.

6 Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The LORD protects their Days:
Let *Israel* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

P A R T II.

7 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy Servant cry,
And rescu'd from the Grave;
Now shalt he live: (and none can die,
If GOD resolve to save.)

8 Thy Praise more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily Breath;
 Thy Hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
 Defends him still from Death.

9 Open the Gates of Zion now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The House where all the Righteous go
 Thy Mercy to declare.

10 Among th' Assemblies of thy Saints
 Our thankful Voice we raise;
 There we have told Thee our Complaints,
 And there we speak thy Praise.

P A R T III.

11 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone,
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
 And his eternal Praise.

12 Chosen of God, to Sinners dear,
 And Saints adore the Name;
 They trust their whole Salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer Shame.

13 The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest,
 Reject it with Disdain;
 Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
 And Envy rage in vain.

14 What though the Gates of Hell withstood,
 Yet must this Building rise;
 'Tis thy own Work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our Eyes.

P A R T IV.

- 15 THIS is the Day the LORD hath made,
 He calls the Hours his own ;
 Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
 And Praise surround the Throne.
- 16 To-day He rose and left the Dead,
 And *Satan's* Empire fell ;
 To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,
 And all his Wonders tell.
- 17 *Hosanna* to th' anointed KING,
 To *David's* holy SON !
 Help us, O LORD ! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy Throne.
- 18 Blest be the LORD, who comes to Men
 With Messages of Grace :
 Who comes in GOD his Father's Name,
 To save our sinful Race.
- 19 *Hosanna* in the highest Strains
 The Church on Earth can raise !
 The highest Heav'ns, in which He reigns,
 Shall give Him nobler Praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. Metre iii.

- 1 L I F T your Voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly KING ;
 For his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no End.
Israel, thy CREATOR bless,
 And with joyful Tongue confess,
 That his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no End.

- 2 HE my Strength, and HE my Song,
 Lo! my Days I yet prolong,
 And each hostile Force o'erthrown,
 HIM my great Salvation own:
 Shouts of Health; and Hymns of Praise,
 Wisdom's faithful Follow'rs raise,—
 "O how strong the Hand divine!
 "O what Wonders, LORD, are thine!"
- 3 Ope the Gates of Righteousness,
 Let me, favour'd with Access,
 Bless my great DELIV'ERER's Name,
 And his boundless Love proclaim:—
 Thee the GOD inthron'd above,
 Thee my Lips shall sing, whose Love
 To my Voice Attention gave,
 Swift to hear, and strong to save.
- 4 See the STONE, that, cast aside
 By the Builders' erring Pride,
 In the Dome assumes its Place,
 Own'd the Angle's noblest Grace;
 Thou the Work, great GOD, hast wrought;
 In its Scenes our wond'ring Thought
 Joys thy Clemency to trace,
 Seal'd to *Jacob's* favour'd Race.
- 5 Save, O save, eternal LORD,
 Now thy prosp'ring Aid afford;
 Let thy fav'ring Beams arise
 To thy People's longing Eyes:—
 Lift your Voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly KING;
 For his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no End.

P S A L M CXVIII. Metre iv.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious Corner-Stone
The *Jewish* Builders did refuse;
But GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In spite of Envy and the *Jews*.
- 2 Great GOD, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it Thine,
The Day that saw our SAVIOUR rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad;
Hosanna; let his Name be blest;
A thousand Honours on his Head,
With Peace, and Light, and Glory rest.
- 4 In GOD's own Name He comes to bring
Salvation to our dying Race;
Let the whole Church address their King
With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praise.

P S A L M CXIX.

- 1 **B**LEST are the Undeſil'd in Heart,
Whose Ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.
- 2 Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practise thy Commands;
With their whole Heart they seek the LORD,
And serve Thee with their Hands.
- 3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their steady Feet aside.

- 4 Then shall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.
- 5 But haughty Sinners GOD will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst ;
The Sons of Falsehood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Dust.
- 6 Vile as the Dross the Wicked are :
And those that leave thy Ways
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

P A R T II.

- 1 TO Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious GOD, I pray ;
I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.
- 2 My Spirit faints to see thy Grace,
Thy Promise bears me up ;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word supports my Hope.
- 3 Seven Times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee ;
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praise from me.
- 4 When Midnight-Darkness veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to Mind ;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion rise,
And sweet Acceptance find.

P A R T III.

- 1 THOU art my Portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.
- 2 I choose the Path of heav'nly Truth,
And glory in my Choice;
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The Testimonies of thy Grace,
I set before my Eyes:
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways:
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pard'ning Grace.
- 5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
O save thy Servant, LORD;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-Place,
My Hope is in thy Word.
- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal Life shall end
Would I perform thy Will.

P A R T IV.

- 1 HOW shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts,
To keep the Conscience clean.

- 2 When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find,
And raise their Thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the *Sun*, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And through the Dangers of the Night,
A *Lamp* to lead our Way.
- 4 The starry Heav'ns thy Rule obey;
The Earth maintains her Place,
And these thy Servants Night and Day
Thy Skill and Pow'r express.
- 5 But still thy Law and Gospel, LORD,
Have Lessons more divine:
Not Earth stands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy Word is everlasting Truth,
How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book shall guide our Youth,
And well support our Age.

P A R T V.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy Law;
'Tis daily my Delight;
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.
- 2 My waking Eyes prevent the Day,
To meditate thy Word:
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Gospel, LORD.

- 3 How doth thy Word my Heart engage!
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tiresome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly Song.
- 4 Am I a Stranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feast;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb,
So much allures the Taste.
- 5 No Treasures so enrich the Mind;
Nor shall thy Word be sold
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.
- 6 When Nature sinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promises of Grace
Are Pillars to support my Hope,
And there I write thy Praise.

P A R T VI.

- 1 LORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Lust.
- 2 Thy Precepts often I survey;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Through all the Business of the Day,
To form my Actions right.
- 3 My Heart in Midnight-Silence cries,
"How sweet thy Comforts be!"
My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

- 4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fil
At some good Word of Thine,
Not mighty Men that share the Spoil
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

P A R T VII.

- 1 I'VE seen an End of what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.
- 2 Yet Men would fain be just with God,
By Works their Hands have wrought ;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.
- 3 In vain we boast Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame ;
And sinks our Virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the Name.
- 4 Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Fall far below thy Word ;
But perfect Truth and Righteousness
Dwell only with the LORD.

P A R T VIII.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My lasting Heritage ;
There shall my noblest Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest Thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the Hist'ries of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight,
While through the Promises I rove,
With every fresh Delight.

3 'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise,
Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.

4 The best Relief that Mourners have ;
It makes our Sorrows blest ;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

P A R T IX.

1 THY Mercies fill the Earth, O LORD,
How good thy Works appear !
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

2 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid,
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

3 When I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain ;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.

4 This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief ;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

5 In vain the Proud deride me now ;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
Nor let that blessed Gospel go,
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

- 6 When I have learn'd my FATHER's Will,
 I'll teach the World his Ways ;
 My thankful Lips, inspir'd with Zeal,
 Shall loud pronounce his Praise.

P A R T X.

- 1 BEHOLD thy waiting Servant, LORD,
 Devoted to thy Fear ;
 Remember and confirm thy Word,
 For all my Hopes are there.
- 2 Hast Thou not writ Salvation down,
 And promis'd quick'ning Grace ?
 Doth not my Heart address thy Throne ?
 And yet thy Love delays.
- 3 Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail ;
 O bear thy Servant up ;
 Nor let the scoffing Lips prevail,
 Who dare reproach my Hope.
- 4 Didst Thou not raise my Faith, O LORD ?
 Then let thy Truth appear :
 Saints shall rejoice in my Reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

P A R T XI.

- 1 O THAT the LORD would guide my Ways,
 To keep his Statutes still !
 O that my GOD would grant me Grace,
 To know and do his Will !
- 2 O send thy SPIRIT down to write
 Thy Law upon my Heart !
 Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
 Nor act the Liar's Part.

- 3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes ;
Let no corrupt Design,
Nor covetous Desires, arise
Within this Soul of mine.
- 4 Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart sincere ;
Let Sin have no Dominion, LORD,
But keep my Conscience clear.
- 5 My Soul hath gone too far astray ;
My Feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,
Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road ;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend against my God.

P A R T XII.

- 1 MY GOD consider my Distress,
Let Mercy plead my Cause ;
Though I have sinn'd against thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.
- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp Reproach
Which I so justly fear ;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.
- 3 Be Thou a Surety, LORD, for me,
Nor let the Proud oppress ;
But make thy waiting Servant see
The Shinings of thy Face.

- 4 My Eyes with Expectation fail,
My Heart within me cries,
“When will the LORD his Truth fulfil,
“And make my Comforts rise?”
- 5 Look down upon my Sorrows, LORD,
And shew thy Grace the same
As Thou art ever wont t’ afford
To those that love thy Name.

P A R T XIII.

- 1 WITH my whole Heart I’ve sought thy Face,
O let me never stray
From thy Commands, O GOD of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way.
- 2 Thy Word I’ve hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conscience clean;
And be an everlasting Guard
From ev’ry rising Sin.
- 3 I’m a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and love the LORD;
My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
When Men transgress thy Word.
- 4 While Sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
My Spirit stands in Awe
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.
- 5 My Heart with sacred Rev’rence hears
The Threat’nings of thy Word:
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the LORD.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy Salvation still:
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PART XIV.

- 1 CONSIDER all my Sorrows, LORD,
And thy Deliv'rance send;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints;
When will my Troubles end?
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my FATHER'S Rod:
Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my God.
- 3 This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Distress begins,
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.
- 4 Had not thy Word been my Delight,
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppress'd with Sorrow's Weight,
Had sunk amongst the Dead.
- 5 I know thy Judgments, LORD, are right,
Though they may seem severe:
The sharpest Suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.
- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning Rod,
My Feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

P A R T XV.

- 1 O THAT thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind !
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy Precepts, LORD,
Shall be my sweet Employ ;
My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy Commands,
If Thou my Heart discharge
From Sin and *Satan's* hateful Chains,
And set my Feet at large !
- 4 My Lips with Courage shall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name ;
I'll speak thy Word, though Kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful Shame.
- 5 Let Bands of Persecutors rise
To rob me of my Right ;
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.
- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whose Hands and Hearts are ill :
I love my GOD, I love his Ways,
And must obey his Will.

P A R T XVI.

- 1 MY Soul lies cleaving to the Dust ;
LORD, give me Life divine ;
From vain Desires and ev'ry Lust
Turn off these Eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the Influence of thy Grace,
To speed me in thy Way,
Lest I should loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet astray.
- 3 When sore Afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest Hours.
- 4 Are not thy Mercies sov'reign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?
- 5 Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to see thy Face?
And yet how slow my Spirits move,
Without enliv'ning Grace!
- 6 Then shall I love thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quick'ning Pow'r
To draw me near the LORD.

P A R T XVII. Metre ii.

- 1 BLEST be thy Name, eternal LORD!
O write within my Mind thy Word;
Let me, instructed in thy Way,
The Wonders of thy Grace survey.
- 2 What Streams of purest Knowledge yield
Thy Words in full Display reveal'd!
By these the Souls, untaught before,
To Heights of heav'nly Science soar.

- 3 With sacred Thirst my Bosom burn'd,
To Thee my op'ning Mouth I turn'd,
And from thy Precept wise and true
Its life-imparting Spirit drew.
- 4 How had I perish'd, 'midst my Woes,
But that within my Bosom rose
The Joys which thy Instruction yield,
And each invading Grief dispell'd!
- 5 O let my Soul, to Life restor'd,
Thy Love in lasting Hymns record;
While o'er my Head its Beams shall shine,
And make thy great Salvation mine.

P A R T XVIII.

- 1 MY Heart's best Portion, LORD, art Thou,
To Thee my Thoughts Obedience vow;
Thy faithful Hand each Woe I feel
Inflicts,—and wounds me but to heal.
- 2 Low in the Dust my Soul is laid,
O reach me, LORD, thy promis'd Aid;
Let thy good SPIRIT to my Heart
His life-sustaining Pow'r impart.
- 3 Behold me, absent from my Home,
Through Life's wild Maze a Pilgrim roam:
Friend of the Helpless! near me stand,
And save me from th' Oppressor's Hand.
- 4 Ere yet the Dawn has streak'd the Sky,
God of my Strength, to Thee I cry;
Let thy Compassion, while I pray,
My Night illumine, guide my Day.

- 5 Thy Counsels on my Thought imprest,
 Shall sooth to Peace my troubled Breast;
 These, LORD, I'll keep, and fix'd, decree
 To shun each Path that leads from Thee.

P A R T XIX.

- 1 SAFE on thy Word my Trust I build,
 O Thou my REFUGE and my SHIELD:
 My Hope (nor shall that Hope be vain)
 Thy sacred Promises sustain.
- 2 These, my best Wealth, my treasur'd Store,
 I keep, and view them o'er and o'er:
 These Heav'n-ward lift my thoughtful Soul,
 When Night's dark Shades invest the *Pole*.
- 3 My Hands on thy Commands shall wait,
 On thy pure Words I'll meditate,
 Which sweeter on my Palate dwell
 Than Honey dropping from its Cell.
- 4 Long as within this House of Clay
 My State of Pilgrimage I stay,
 Thy Statutes are my Song;—thy Name
 Wakes in my Breast the holy Flame.
- 5 O turn from Vanity mine Eye,
 To me thy quick'ning Strength supply;
 Redeem from Error's Growth my Mind,
 Nor leave one baleful Root behind.

P A R T XX.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle Hand;
 How kind was thy chastising Rod,
 That fore'd my Conscience to a Stand,
 And brought my wand'ring Soul to God!

- 2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy Scourges, LORD ;
I left my Guide, and lost my Way ;
But now I love and keep thy Word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my FATHER'S Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.
- 4 The Law that issues from thy Mouth
Shall raise my cheerful Passions more
Than all the Treasures of the South,
Or *Western* Hills of golden Ore.
- 5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy SPIRIT form'd my Soul within ;
Teach me to know thy wondrous Name,
And guard me safe from Death and Sin.
- 6 Then All that love and fear the LORD
At my Salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

P S A L M CXX.

- 1 **T**O GOD I cry'd, with Anguish stung,
Nor form'd a fruitless Pray'r,—
“ O save me from the lying Tongue,
“ And Lips that would ensnare !”
- 2 Thou Child of Guilt, to Falschood bred,
Say, what shall be thine End ?
See keenest Arrows o'er thy Head,
And quenchless Coals, impend.

3 Ah! Woe is Me, to *Mesech's* Seat
 And *Kedar's* Tents confin'd;
 Perpetual Insult doom'd to meet
 From Men of restless Mind.

4 When Offers mild of Peace I make,
 And friendliest Terms prepare;
 My Words their slumb'ring Rage awake,
 And arm them for the War.

P S A L M CXXI. Metre i.

1 **L**O! from the Hills my Help descends;
 To them I lift mine Eyes:
 My Strength on Him alone depends,
 Who form'd the Earth and Skies.

2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Forbids thy Feet to slide;
 Nor Sleep nor Slumber seals the Eye
 Of *Israel's* Guard and Guide.

3 He, at thy Hand, array'd in Might,
 His Shield shall o'er thee spread:
 Nor Sun by Day, nor Moon by Night,
 Shall hurt thy favour'd Head.

4 Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
 While He thy Life defends;
 Whose Eyes thy ev'ry Step discern,
 Whose Mercy never ends.

P S A L M CXXI. Metre ii.

1 **U**P to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
 Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
 Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
 There my Almighty REFUGE lives.

- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the World, that spread the Flood;
The Heav'ns with all their Host He made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.
- 3 He guides our Feet, He guards our Way;
His Morning-Smiles blefs all the Day:
He spreads the Ev'ning-Veil, and keeps
The silent Hours while *Israel* sleeps.
- 4 *Israel*, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy GUARDIAN's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprise.
- 5 No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray
Shall blast thy Couch;—no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire so far.
- 6 Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the LORD;—his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

P S A L M CXXI. Metre iii.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine Eyes;
From God is all my Aid;
The God that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made:

God is the Tow'r
To which I fly:
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

- 2 My Feet shall never slide,
 Or fall in fatal Snares,
 Since GOD, my Guard and Guide,
 Defends me from my Fears :

Those wakeful Eyes
 That never sleep,
 Shall *Israel* keep,
 When Dangers rise.

- 3 No burning Heats by Day,
 Nor Blaſts of Ev'ning Air,
 Shall take my Health away,
 If GOD be with me there :

Thou art my Sun,
 And Thou my Shade,
 To guard my Head
 By Night or Noon.

- 4 Haſt Thou not giv'n thy Word
 To ſave my Soul from Death ?
 And I can truſt my LORD
 To keep my mortal Breath :

I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me Home.

P S A L M CXXII. Metre i.

- 1 **H**OW did my Heart rejoice to hear
 My Friends devoutly ſay,
 " In Zion let us all appear,
 " And keep the ſolemn Day !"

- 2 I love her Gates, I love the Road ;
The Church, adorn'd with Grace,
Stands like a Palace built for God,
To shew his milder Face.
- 3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair ;
The Son of *David* holds his Throne,
And sits in Judgment there.
- 4 He hears our Praises and Complaints,
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred Place,
And Joy a constant Guest !
With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants blest !
- 6 My Soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While Life or Breath remains ;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There GOD my SAVIOUR reigns.

P S A L M CXXII. Metre ii.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the People cry,
"Come, let us seek our God To-day :"
Yes, with a cheerful Zeal,
We haste to *Zion's* Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.
- 2 *Zion*, thrice happy Place !
Adorn'd with wondrous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round !

In thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

- 3 There *David's* greater Son
Hath fix'd his royal Throne,
He sits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner sad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

- 4 May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait
To bless the Soul of ev'ry Guest;
The Man that seeks thy Peace,
And wishes thine Increase,
A Thousand Blessings on him rest.

- 5 My Tongue repeats her Vows,
"Peace to this sacred House;"
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest Abode,
My Soul shall ever love thee well.

P S A L M CXXII. Metre iii.

- 1 **W**HAT Joy, while thus I view the Day,
That warns my thirsting Soul away,
What Transports fill my Breast!
For, lo! my great REDEEMER'S Pow'r
Unfolds the everlasting Door,
And leads me to his Rest.

- 2 The festal Morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallow'd Dome,
Thy Presence to adore;
My Feet the Summons shall attend,
With willing Steps thy Courts ascend,
And tread th' ethereal Floor.
- 3 E'en now to my expecting Eyes
The heav'n-built Tow'rs of *Salem* rise;
E'en now, with glad Survey,
I view her Mansions, that contain
Th' angelic Forms, an awful Train,
And shine with cloudless Day.
- 4 Hither, from Earth's remotest End,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their Tribute hither bring:
Here crown'd with everlasting Joy,
In Hymns of Praise their Tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal KING:
- 5 Great *Salem's* KING; who bids each State
On her Decrees dependant wait;
In her, ere Time begun,
High on eternal Base uprear'd,
His Hands the regal Seat prepar'd
For *Jesse's* favour'd Son.
- 6 Mother of Cities! o'er thy Head
See Peace, with healing Wings outspread,
Delighted fix her Stay;
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
Success his Labours shall attend,
And Safety guard his Way.

7 Thy Walls, remote from hostile Fear,
Nor the loud Voice of Tumult hear,
Nor War's wild Wastes deplore ;
There smiling Plenty takes her Stand,
And in thy Courts with lavish Hand,
Has pour'd forth all her Store.

8 Let me, blest Seat, my Name behold
Among thy Citizens enroll'd,
In Thee for ever dwell.

Let *Charity* my Steps attend,
My sole Companion and my Friend,
And *Faith* and *Hope* farewell !

P S A L M CXXIII.

1 **O** THOU whose Grace and Justice reign,
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To Thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To Thee we lift our Eyes.

2 As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke ;
Or Maids before their Mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful Look :

3 So for our Sins we justly feel
Thy Discipline, O God,
Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
Till Thou remove thy Rod.

4 Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live,
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Fresh Courage to their Pride.

- 5 Our Foes insult us, but our Hope
 In thy Compassion lies :
 This Thought shall bear our Spirits up,
That God will not despise.

P S A L M CXXIV.

- 1 **H**AD not the LORD, may *I*rael say,
 Had not the LORD maintain'd our Side,
 When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
 Rose like the swelling of the Tide :
- 2 The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,
 So fiercely did the Waters roll ;
 We had been swallow'd deep in Death ;
 Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
- 3 We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke :
 So flies the Bird with cheerful Wing,
 When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the LORD,
 Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare,
 Who sav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
 And made our Lives and Souls his Care !
- 5 Our Help is in JEHOVAH's Name,
 Who form'd the Earth and built the Skies :
 He that upholds that wondrous Frame,
 Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

P S A L M CXXV. Metre i.

- 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they
 That rest their Souls on GOD ;
 Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
 Or where the Ark abode.

2 As Mountains stood to guard
The City's sacred Ground;
So GOD and his Almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

3 What though the Father's Rod
Drop a chastising Stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury should be broke.

4 Deal gently, LORD, with those
Whose Faith and pious Fear,
Whose Hope and Love, and ev'ry Grace
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saint;
The GOD of *Israel* will support
His Children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish Fear
Will choose the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

P S A L M CXXV. Metre ii.

i UNSHAKEN as the sacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest
That leans, O LORD, on Thee.

2 Not Walls, nor Hills, could guard so well
Old *Salem's* happy Ground;
As those eternal Arms of Love
That ev'ry Saint surround.

264 P S A L M CXXV.

- 3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine Compassion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.
- 4 Deal gently, LORD, with Souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright Gates of *Paradise*,
Where CHRIST their LORD is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him first to Hell,
Shall smite his Follow'rs too.

P S A L M CXXV. Metre iii.

- 1 **W**H O trust in God's protecting Hand,
Secure as *Sion's* Mount shall stand,
That, proof to Ages, meets the Skies,
And fix'd,—each adverse Shock defies.
- 2 Behold fair *Salem's* hallow'd Ground
By shadowing Hills encompass'd round ;—
Thy Presence thus, great God, we trace,
Incircling *Jacob's* chosen Race.
- 3 Ne'er on the Lot by these possess'd
Shall impious Pow'r its Sceptre rest,
Lest Sin, establish'd into Law,
Their Hearts from thy Obedience draw.
- 4 O still our Guardian, still our Friend,
Thy Mercies to the Just extend,
Nor ever from our Souls remove
The Consolations of thy Love.

P S A L M CXXVI. Metre i.

- 1 **W**HEN *Sion's* God her Sons recall'd
From long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
Of what we wish'd to see.
- 2 But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth
We did our Voice employ,
And sung our great RESTORER's Praise,
In thankful Hymns of Joy.
- 3 Our *Heathen*-Foes repining stood,
Yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wondrous was the Work
Our God for us had done.
- 4 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wondrous great,
Much more should we confess ;
The LORD has done great Things, whereof
We reap the glad Success.
- 5 To us bring back the Remnant, LORD,
Of *Israel's* captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
To parch'd and thirsty Lands.
- 6 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
May see our Labours thrive,
Till finish'd with Success, to make
Our drooping Hearts revive.
- 7 Though he desponds that sows his Grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come,
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
The joyful Harvest home.

P S A L M CXXVI. Metre ii.

1 **W**HEN GOD restor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, and Grace our
Theme ;

The Grace beyond our Hopes so great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

2 The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name ;
While we with Pleasure shout thy Praise,
With cheerful Notes thy Love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;
With God we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

4 The Man, that in his furrow'd Field
His scatter'd Seed with Sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the Harvest yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

P S A L M CXXVII. Metre i.

1 **I**F God to build the House deny,
The Builders work in vain ;
And Towns, without his wakeful Eye,
An useless Watch maintain.

2 Why rise ye early, late take rest,
And eat the Bread of Care ?
The Balm of Sleep (his Gift confest)
His Children richly share.

3 Know too thy Sons, that round Thee stand,
A Gift by Him prepar'd ;
Nor Arrows in the Giant's Hand
Can yield so sure a Guard.

- 4 Blest who his Quiver stores with these :
 When hostile Bands are near
 His Gate, the Storm approaching sees,
 Yet sees without a fear.

P S A L M CXXVII. Metre ii.

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the Cost
 And Pains to build the House are lost :
 If God the City will not keep,
 The watchful Guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What though you rise before the Sun,
 And work and toil when Day is done,
 Careful and sparing eat your Bread,
 To shun that Poverty you dread :
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
 He can make rich, yet give us Rest :
 Children and Friends are Blessings too,
 If God our Sov'reign make them so.
- 4 Happy the Man to whom He sends
 Obedient Children, faithful Friends :
 How sweet our daily Comforts prove,
 When they are season'd with his Love !

P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **O**HAPPY Man, whose Soul is fill'd
 With Zeal and rev'rent Awe !
 His Lips to God their Honours yield,
 His Life adorns the Law.
- 2 A careful Providence shall stand,
 And ever guard thy Head,
 Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
 Its kindly Blessings shed.

3 Thy Wife shall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour shine,
And learn to fear the LORD.

4 The LORD shall thy best Hopes fulfil,
For Months and Years to come;
The LORD who dwells on Zion's Hill
Shall send thee Blessings home.

5 This is the Man whose happy Eyes
Shall see his House increase;
Shall see the sinking Church arise,
Then leave the World in Peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

1 **U**P from my Youth, may *Israel* say,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were constant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

2 Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper Age,
But not destroy'd my Life.

3 Their cruel Plough had torn my Flesh
With Furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afresh,
Nor let my Sorrows sleep.

4 The LORD grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye
Measur'd the Mischiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

5 Thus shall the Men who hate the Saints
Be blasted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

6 What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath;
Their Growth shall perish in Despair,
And lie despis'd in Death.

7 So Corn, that on the House-top stands,
No Hope of Harvest gives;
The Reaper ne'er shall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves.

8 It springs and withers on the Place;
No Traveller bestows
A Word of Blessing on the Grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.

P S A L M CXXX. Metre i.

1 **F**ROM lowest Depths of Woe
To God I sent my Cry,
LORD, hear my supplicating Voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who can the Trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

3 My Soul with Patience waits
For Thee the living LORD:
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

- 4 My longing Eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning Ray;
More duly than the Morning-Watch,
To spy the dawning Day.
- 5 Let *Israel* trust in God,
No Bounds his Mercy knows; [whence
The plenteous Source and Spring, from
Eternal Succours flows.
- 6 Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse
And wash our Guilt away.

P S A L M CXXX. Metre ii.

- 1 **O**UT of the Deeps of long Distress,
The Borders of Despair,
I sent my Cries to seek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.
- 2 Great God! should thy severer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Flesh could stand,
- 3 But there are Pardons with my God
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his Blood,
To draw us near to Thee.
- I wait for thy Salvation, LORD,
With strong Desires I wait;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.

- 5 Just as the Guards that keep the Night
 Long for the Morning-Skies,
 Watch the first Beams of breaking Light,
 And meet them with their Eyes :
- 6 So waits my Soul to see thy Grace ;
 And more intent than they,
 Meets the first Op'nings of thy Face,
 And finds a brighter Day.
- 7 Then in the LORD let *Israel* trust,
 Let *Israel* seek his Face ;
 The LORD is good as well as just,
 And plenteous in his Grace.
- 8 There's full Redemption at his Throne,
 For Sinners long enslav'd :
 The great REDEEMER is his SON,
 And *Israel* shall be sav'd.

P S A L M CXXX. Metre iii.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a dark and dire Abyfs, [roll,
 Where Woes in dreadful Confluence
 I to the LORD, in Groans and Sighs,
 Sent up the Anguish of my Soul.
- 2 O Thou, th' All-pow'rful, Good and True,
 My ROCK, my REFUGE, and my REST,
 Vouchsafe to hear my fervent Pray'rs,
 And grant, O grant me my Request.
- 3 Shouldst Thou thy Judgment-Seat ascend,
 And Men to thy Tribunal call,
 Not One of all their Race could stand;
 But Vengeance must o'erwhelm them All.

- 4 But, LORD, with Thee Forgiveness reigns,
Reigns with a wide, unbounded Sway,
That Sinners may revere thy Name
And with Delight thy Laws obey.

P A R T II.

- 5 WITH Expectation warm and strong,
My Spirit waits upon the LORD,
And in my Hours of dark Distress,
Hope casts its Anchor on his Word.
- 6 As Centinels with longing Eyes
Watch the first Glimpse of rising Day;
So waits my Soul upon the LORD,
With outstretch'd Wings to meet his Way.
- 7 Let *Israel* on his God rely
To crush his Foes, and sooth his Pains:
Mercy is his supreme Delight,
And in a Thousand Blessings reigns.
- 8 He that was *Israel's* God of old,
As *Israel's* God will still be known,
To save him from his Sins and Woes,
And guide and guard him as his own.

P S A L M CXXXI. Metre i.

- 1 **I**S there Ambition in my Heart?
I Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty Part?
LORD, I appeal to Thee.

- 2 I charge my Thoughts, be humble still,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my FATHER, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

- 3 The patient Soul, the lowly Mind;
 Shall have a large Reward:
 Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful LORD.

PSALM CXXXI. Metre ii.

- 1 **I**S there in me a lofty Heart?
 Meek SAVIOUR, Thow thy Grace impart;
 Let no vain Pomp attract my View,
 Nor Honour's Prize my Thoughts pursue.
- 2 Create in me Affections mild,
 And form me humble as the Child;
 That meek and silent sinks to rest,
 Wean'd from the tender Parent's Breast.
- 3 O, kinder than that Parent, see
 Thy MAKER, *Israel*, cherish thee:
 To latest Times on Him depend,
 Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

PSALM CXXXII. Metre i.

- 1 **A**RISE, O KING of Grace, arise,
 And enter to thy Rest!
 Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
 Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
 Thy SPIRIT and thy Word;
 All that the Ark did once contain,
 Could no such Grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
 Here let thy Praise be spread;
 Bless the Provisions of thy House,
 And fill thy Poor with Bread.

274 P S A L M CXXXII.

4 Here let the Son of *David* reign ;
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting Throne ;
And as his Kingdom grows,
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

P S A L M CXXXII. Metre ii.

1 **B**EHOLD us, LORD, with willing Feet,
The Mansion of thy Presence greet,
Each Heart inflam'd with grateful Zeal,
And prostrate at thy Footstool kneel.

2 Rise, *Israel's* FATHER, GOD, and FRIEND !
Pleas'd to thy Place of Rest ascend ;
THOU and thine ARK,—tremendous Shrine
Of Majesty and Pow'r divine !

3 While Righteousness thy Priests arrays,
O let thy Saints their thankful Lays
Prolong ;—and in their SAVIOUR's Name
His purchas'd Favours humbly claim.

P A R T II.

4 THE GOD of *Jacob* chose the Hill
Of *Zion* for his ancient Rest ;
And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,
His Church is with his Presence blest.

5 " Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, saith the LORD ;
Here shall my Pow'r and Love be known,
And Blessings shall attend my Word.

- 6 Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread :
Sinners that wait before my Door,
With sweet Provision shall be fed.
- 7 Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,
My Priests, my Ministers shall shine ;
Not *Aaron* in his costly Dress
Made an Appearance so divine.
- 8 The Saints, unable to contain
Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing ;
The Son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her KING.
- 9 JESUS shall see a num'rous Seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious Name ;
His Crown shall flourish on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloth'd with Shame."

P S A L M CXXXIII. Metrei.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose cheerful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety !
- 2 When Streams of Love from CHRIST the
Descend to ev'ry Soul ; [Spring
And heav'nly Peace, with balmy Wing,
Shades and bedews the Whole :
- 3 'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet
On *Aaron's* rev'rend Head ;
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments spread.

276 P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 4 'Tis pleasant as the Morning-Dews
That fall on *Sion's* Hill,
Where God his mildest Glory shews,
And makes his Grace distil.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in his proper Station move;
And Each fulfil his Part,
With sympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!
- 2 'Tis like the Ointment shed
On *Aaron's* sacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The Oil through all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran through his Robes, and blest his Feet.
- 3 'Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly Soul,
Where Love like heav'nly Dew distils.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Metre iii.

- 1 **H**OW blest the Sight, the Joy how sweet,
When Brothers join'd with Brothers
In Bands of mutual Love! [meet
Less sweet the liquid Fragrance, shed
On *Aaron's* consecrated Head,
Ran trickling from above,

- 2 And reach'd his Beard, and reach'd his Vest: —
 Less sweet the Dews on *Hermon's* Breast,
 Or *Sion's* Hill descend;
 That Hill has God with Blessings crown'd,
 There promis'd Grace that knows no bound,
 And Life that knows no End.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Metre iv.

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is the Scene, how sweet!
 When kindred Souls in Friendship
 Whose Joys and Cares united meet [join;
 In Bands of Amity divine.
- 2 Less fragrant was the Ointment pour'd
 On *Aaron's* consecrated Head,
 When balmy Sweets profusely show'r'd,
 Down to his sacred Vesture spread.
- 3 Not flow'ry *Hermon* e'er display'd
 (Impearl'd with Dew) a fairer Light;
 Nor *Sion's* beauteous Hills, array'd
 In golden Beams of Morning-Light.
- 4 'Tis here the LORD indulgent sheds
 His kindest Gifts, a heav'nly Store;
 With Life immortal crowns their Heads,
 When Earth's frail Comforts please no more.

P S A L M CXXXIV. Metre i.

- 1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal KING,
 Attend his holy Place;
 Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,
 And bless his wondrous Grace.

278 P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-Light,
And send your Souls on high :
Raife your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the starry Sky.
- 3 The God of Zion cheers our Hearts,
With Rays of quick'ning Grace ;
The God that spreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling Seas.

P S A L M CXXXIV. Metre ii.

- 1 **Y**E Servants of th' eternal KING,
Your grateful Hymns triumphant sing,
While, gliding round the dusky Pole,
The starry Orbs in Silence roll.
- 2 To you I call, the chosen Band,
Who take amid his Courts your Stand ;
Within his Temple's vaulted Frame,
With lifted Hands his Praise proclaim.
- 3 And He, may He, whose Pow'r has made
The Earth, and Heav'n's wide Arch display'd,
From sacred *Sion* bid thee prove
The Blessings of his boundless Love.

P S A L M CXXXV. Metre i.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye Saints, to praise your KING,
Your sweetest Passions raise ;
Your pious Pleasures, while you sing,
Increasing with the Praise.
- 2 Great is the LORD ; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ ;
But still his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treasure and his Joy.

- 3 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, confess his Hand;
He bids the Vapours rise;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep through the founding Skies.
- 4 All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone:
But *Heathen* Gods should ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH's known.
- 5 Which of the Stocks or Stones they trust
Can give them Show'rs of Rain?
In vain they worship glitt'ring Dust,
And pray to Gold in vain.
- 6 O *Britain*, know the living God,
Serve Him with Faith and Fear;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

P S A L M CXXXV. Metre ii.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait;
Ye Saints that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.
- 2 Praise ye the LORD; the LORD is good:
To praise his Name is sweet Employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.
- 3 The LORD Himself will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when He hears their fore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that He sends.

4 Through ev'ry Age the LORD declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod:
He gives his suffering Servants Rest,
And will be known, Th' ALMIGHTY GOD.

5 Bless ye the LORD, who taste his Love;
People and Priests exalt his Name:
Among his Saints He ever dwells;
His Church is his *Jerusalem*.

PSALM CXXXVI. Metre i.

1 **G**IVE Thanks to GOD the sov'reign
His Mercies still endure: [LORD;
And be the KING OF KINGS ador'd;
His Truth is ever sure.

2 What Wonders hath his Wisdom done!
How mighty is his Hand!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, He fram'd alone:
How wide is his Command!

3 The Sun supplies the Day with Light:
How bright his Counsels shine!
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night:
His Works are all divine!

4 He saw the Nations dead in Sin;
He felt his Pity move:
How sad the State the World was in!
How boundless was his Love!

5 He sent to save us from our Woe;
His Goodness never fails;
From Death and Hell, and ev'ry Foe;
And still his Grace prevails.

P. S A L M CXXXVI. 281

- 6 Give Thanks to GOD, the heavenly King ;
His Mercies still endure ;
 Let the whole Earth his Praises sing ;
His Truth is ever sure.

P. S A L M CXXXVI. Metre ii.

- 1 **G**IVE to our GOD immortal Praise ;
 Mercy and Truth are all his Ways ;
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 2 Give to the LORD OF LORDS Renown,
 The KING OF KINGS with Glory crown :
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the Earth, He spread the Sky,
 And fix'd the starry Lights on high :
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 4 He fills the Sun with Morning Light,
 He bids the Moon direct the Night :
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews He freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
 And brought them to the promis'd Land :
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
 And felt his Pity work within :
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his SON with Pow'r to save
 From Guilt and Darkneſs, and the Grave :
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

8 Through this vain World he guides our Feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly Seat :
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain World ſhall be no more.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Metre iii.

1 **G**IVE Thanks to GOD Moſt High,
 The univerſal LORD ;
 The ſov'reign KING OF KINGS,
 And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame ;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

2 How mighty is his Hand !
 What Wonders hath He done !
 He form'd the Earth and Seas,
 And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.

Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure ;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

3 His Wiſdom form'd the Sun,
 To crown the Day with Light ;
 The Moon, and twinkling Stars,
 To cheer the darkſome Night.

*His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.*

- 4 He saw the Nations lie
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State
The ruin'd World was in.

*Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.*

- 5 He sent his only SON,
To save us from our Woe;
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.

*His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.*

- 6 Give Thanks aloud to GOD,
To GOD the heav'nly KING;
And let the spacious Earth
His Works and Glories sing.

*Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.*

P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1 **W**HEN we, our wearied Limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates*' stream,
We wept with doleful Thoughts oppress'd,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.
- 2 Our Harps, that, when with Joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful Part to bear,
With silent Strings neglected hung
On Willow Trees that wither'd there.
- 3 Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish Wrongs,
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of *Sion's* Songs."
- 4 How shall we tune our Voice to sing?
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands?
- 5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat;
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The speaking Strings with Art to move.
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence seize my Tongue:
Or if I sing one cheerful Air,
Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

P S A L M CXXXVIII. Metre i. [KING,

- 1 **W**ITH my whole Heart, my God, and
Thy Praise I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy Name.

P S A L M CXXXVIII. 285

- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred Seat,
And with thy Love inspir'd,
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,
O'er all thy Works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine Ear,
When I to Thee did cry :
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,
Didst inward Strength supply.
- 4 For God, although enthron'd on high,
Does thence the Poor respect :
The Proud far off, his scornful Eye
Beholds with just Neglect.
- 5 Though I with Troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my Foes disarm,
Relieve my Soul, when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from Harm.
- 6 The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy State ;
And mindful of his Favours past,
Shall his own Work complete.

P S A L M CXXXVIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **W**ITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and
Tongue
I'll praise my MAKER in my Song :
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.
- 2 Angels that make thy Church their Care
Shall witness my Devotions there,
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

286 P S A L M CXXXVHI.

- 3 I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, LORD,
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Pow'r and Glory show.
- 4 To GOD I cry'd when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes:
He did my rising Fears control,
And Strength diffus'd through all my Soul.
- 5 The GOD of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.
- 6 Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand:
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows, or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX. Metre i.

- 1 **I**N all my vast Concerns with Thee,
In vain my Soul would try
To shun thy Presence, LORD, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
My Rising and my Rest;
My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breast.

3 My Thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Sense I mean.

4 O wondrous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry Side.

5 So let thy Grace surround me still,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign Love.

P A R T II.

6 LORD, where shall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell, they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital Breath,
To 'scape the Wrath divine;
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.

8 If, wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light,
I fly beyond the *West*;
Thy Hand, which must support my Flight,
Wou'd soon betray my Rest.

9 If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night;
Those flaming Eyes, that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to Light.

288 PSALM CXXXIX.

- 10 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hours,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee!

PART III.

- 11 WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
LORD, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.
- 12 Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possessest,
Where unborn Nature grew;
Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.
- 13 Thine Eye with nicest Care survey'd
The Growth of ev'ry Part; [laid,
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had
Was copy'd by thine Art.
- 14 Heav'n, Earth and Sea, and Fire and Wind,
Shew me thy wondrous Skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner Wonders still.
- 15 Thine awful Glories round me shine,
My Flesh proclaims thy Praise;
LORD, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PART IV.

- 16 LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They strike me with Surprise;
Not all the Sands that spread the Shore
To equal Numbers rise.

17 My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands,
The Product of thy Skill;
And hourly Blessings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

18 These on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!

O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with Thee!

PSALM CXXXIX. Metre ii.

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me
through;
Thine Eye commands, with piercing View,
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart, and Flesh, with all their Pow'rs.

2 My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning Lips they break.

3 Within thy circling Pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! what lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

[O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.]

P A R T II.

- 5 COULD I so false, so faithless prove
 To quit thy Service and thy Love,
 Where, LORD, could I thy Presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful Glory run?
- 6 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight, [Light;
 'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthron'd in
 Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
 And Satan groans beneath thy Chains.
- 7 If mounted on a Morning-Ray,
 I fly beyond the *Western* Sea,
 Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy Fugitive.
- 8 Or should I try to shun thy Sight
 Beneath the spreading Veil of Night,
 One Glance of Thine, one piercing Ray,
 Would kindle Darkness into Day.
- 9 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
 No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes;
 Thy Hand can seize the Foes as soon
 Through Midnight-Shades as blazing Noon.
- [O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker Passions dare
 Consent to Sin, for GOD is there.]

P A R T III.

- 10 'T WAS from thy Hand, my GOD, I came;
 A Work of such a curious Frame;
 In me thy fearful Wonders shine,
 And each proclaims thy Skill divine.

- 11 Thine Eyes did all my Limbs survey,
Which yet in dark Confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
- 12 By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign Counsels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.
- 13 To shew th' Almighty Maker's Name,
God stamp'd his Image on my Frame,
And by his wondrous Counsel join'd
The finish'd Members to the Mind.
- 14 There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Passions of the Man:
Great God, our Infant-Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praise.

PART IV.

- 15 LORD, since in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's busy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
- 16 I could survey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace
The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.
- 17 These on my Heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my Eyes to rest;
And at my waking Hour I find
God and his Love possess my Mind.

PART V.

- 18 MY GOD, what inward Grief I feel,
When impious Men transgress thy Will!
I mourn to hear their Lips profane
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.
- 19 Does not my Soul detest and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?
Those that oppose thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.
- 20 LORD, search my Soul, try ev'ry Thought;
Though my own Heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false Disguise,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.
- 21 Doth secret Mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet, whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

P S A L M CXL.

- 1 PRESERVE me, LORD, from crafty Foes
Of treacherous Intent;
And from the Sons of Violence
On open Mischief bent.
- 2 Their sland'ring Tongues the Serpent's
In Sharpness do exceed; [Sting
Between their Lips the Gall of Asps,
And Adders' Venom, breed.
- 3 But thus environ'd with Distress,
"Thou art my GOD, I said,
"LORD, hear my supplicating Voice,
"That calls to Thee for Aid.

- 4 "Permit not their unjust Designs
 "To answer their Desire;
 "Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
 "To bolder Crimes aspire."
- 5 Though Slander's Breath may raise a Storm,
 It quickly will decay:
 Their Rage does but the Torrent swell,
 That bears themselves away.
- 6 God will assert the poor Man's Cause,
 And speedy Succour give;
 The Just shall celebrate his Praise,
 And in his Presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early Vows,
 Like Morning-Incense in thine House,
 And let my nightly Worship rise
 Sweet as the Ev'ning-Sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, LORD,
 From ev'ry rash and heedless Word;
 Nor let my Feet incline to tread
 The guilty Paths where Sinners lead.
- 3 O may the Righteous, when I stray,
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring Way!
 Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my Head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with Grief,
 I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;
 And by my warm Petitions prove,
 How much I prize their faithful Love.

P S A L M CXLII. Metre i.

1 **T**O God I made my Sorrows known,
From God I sought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne
I pour'd out all my Grief.

2 My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My God, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

3 On ev'ry Side I cast mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone;
While Friends and Strangers pass'd me by
Neglected, or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercies near:
"Thou art my PORTION when I die,
"Be Thou my REFUGE here."

5 LORD, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,
And make my Foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty FRIEND.

6 From my sad Prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy Name;
And holy Men shall join with me,
Thy Kindness to proclaim.

P S A L M CXLII. Metre ii.

1 **T**O God I raise my humble Cry,
To Him unfold my mournful Case;
Prostrate before his Throne I lie,
T' implore and supplicate his Grace.

- 2 While, plung'd in Sorrow, I endure
Th' opprobrious Taunts of scornful Pride,
How far my Sentiments are pure,
Omniscience, only, can decide.
- 3 Around I cast my wishful Eyes,
Distress'd, abandon'd, and forlorn,
But, to my Grief and sad Surprise,
Am answer'd with Contempt and Scorn.
- 4 No kindly Refuge or Retreat
Invites my fainting Soul to Rest;
No soft Humanity I meet,
No friendly Comforts make me blest.
- 5 Indulge, O God, my louder Cry;
Cherish my Hope and soothe my Fear;
Thou art my sov'reign Bliss on high,
Be Thou my Shield and Refuge here.
- 6 While I beneath Affliction bow,
To my pathetic Suit attend,
And let my Persecutors know,
Omnipotence is still my Friend.
- 7 Enlarge my Sphere, and set me free
From Prison, Bondage, Guilt, and Shame;
Then shall the Righteous join with me,
Thy kind Indulgence to proclaim.

P S A L M CXLIII. Metre i.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious LORD, my fervent
Indulge my humble Cry: [Pray'r,
Thy Truth and Righteousness declare,
And save me from on high.

- 2 Remit my Guilt, nor call me forth
In Judgment to appear;
Since none of all the Tribes on Earth
Can in thy Sight be clear.
- 3 The Hand of unrelenting Pow'r
My Happiness invades:
As Men that long have been no more,
I grovel in the Shades.
- 4 Hence potent Grief and gloomy Care
My inward Peace destroy:
The black Intrusions of Despair
Cloud ev'ry Glimpse of Joy.
- 5 Yet from the Scenes of past Distress
Some Comforts I derive;
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace
My dying Hopes revive.
- 6 To Thee I stretch my Hands abroad,
And raise my mental Pow'rs;
So thirsts the dry and parched Clod
For the refreshing Show'rs.
- 7 Hear, O my God, be quick to save;
My vital Strength decays:
Thine Absence brings me near the Grave,
While Grief consumes my Days.
- 8 When balmy Sleep forsakes my Head,
Thy gracious Aid impart;
Describe the Path I ought to tread,
And fix it in my Heart.

PART II.

- 9 TO Thee my languid Soul aspires,
When threatning Foes engage;
Vouchsafe to second my Desires,
And disconcert their Rage.
- 10 Teach me to execute thy Will,
My only sov'reign Guide;
And bear me to thy sacred Hill,
Where endless Joys reside.
- 11 Quicken, O God! and make me whole,
Extinguish all Despair;
Enlarge and extricate my Soul,
And dissipate my Care.
- 12 Then, while thy Goodness shall prolong
The Measure of my Days,
My grateful Soul shall prompt my Tongue
To celebrate thy Praise.

P S A L M CXLIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **M**Y righteous JUDGE, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne;
O make thy Truth and Mercy known!
- 2 Let Judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Justice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in Pity, LORD, and see
The mighty Woes that burden me:
Down to the Dust my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen;
My Heart is desolate within:
My Thoughts in musing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a Glimpse of Hope,
To bear my sinking Spirits up;
I stretch my Hands to GOD again,
And thirst like parched Lands for Rain.
- 6 In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high;
For Thee sit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tiresome Hours away.
- 7 Break off my Fetters, LORD, and show
Which is the Path my Feet should go;
If Snares and Foes beset the Road,
I flee to hide me near my GOD.
- 8 Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill;
Let the good SPIRIT of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.
- 9 Then shall my Soul no more complain;
The Tempter then shall rage in vain;
And Flesh, that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the LORD,
My SAVIOUR and my SHIELD;
He sends his SPIRIT with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

- 2 When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me through the War.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine,
Does my weak Courage raise;
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
And His shall be the Praise.

P A R T II.

- 4 LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first?
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the Dust.
- 5 O what is feeble, dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That God should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace?
- 6 That GOD who darts his Lightnings down;
Who shakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown;
How wondrous is his Love!

P A R T III.

- 7 HAPPY the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace set,
And Daughters, bright as polish'd Stones,
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.
- 8 Happy the Country where the Sheep,
Cattle and Corn have large Increase;
Where Men securely work or sleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break the Peace.

- 9 Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
 But more divinely blest'd are those
 On whom the All-sufficient God
 Himself with all his Grace bestows.

P S A L M CXLV. Metre i.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll blest thy Name,
 My KING, my God of Love;
 My Work and Joy shall be the same,
 In the bright World above.
- 2 Great is the LORD, his Pow'r unknown,
 And let his Praise be great:
 I'll sing the Honours of thy Throne,
 Thy Works of Grace repeat.
- 3 Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue;
 And while my Lips rejoice,
 The Men that hear my sacred Song,
 Shall join their cheerful Voice.
- 4 Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
 And Children learn thy Ways;
 Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
 And Nations sound thy Praise.
- 5 Thy glorious Deeds, of ancient Date,
 Shall through the World be known;
 Thine Arm of Pow'r, thy heav'nly State,
 With public Splendor shown.
- 6 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
 Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
 And thine eternal Kingdom stands,
 Though Rocks and Hills remove.

P A R T II.

7 SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
 My God, my heav'nly KING!
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
 In Sounds of Glory sing:

8 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His Goodness to the Skies; [shines,
 Through the whole Earth his Bounty
 And ev'ry Want supplies.

9 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On Thee for daily Food;
 Thy lib'ral Hand provides their Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.

10 How kind are thy Compassions, LORD!
 How slow thine Anger moves!
 But soon He sends his pard'ning Word
 To cheer the Souls He loves.

11 Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim;
 But Saints, that taste thy richer Grace,
 Delight to bless thy Name.

P A R T III.

12 LET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness speak,
 Thou sov'reign LORD of All:
 Thy strength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
 And raise the Poor that fall.

13 When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
 Or Virtue lies distressed
 Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
 Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

- 14 The LORD supports our tott'ring Days,
And guides our giddy Youth:
Holy and just are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.
- 15 He knows the Pains his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their best Wishes to fulfil
His Grace is ever nigh.
- 16 His Mercy never shall remove
From Men of Heart sincere;
He saves the Souls, whose humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.
- 17 My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise,
And spread his Fame abroad:
Let all the Sons of *Adam* raise
The Honours of their God.

P S A L M CXLV. Metre ii.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my KING, thy various Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days:
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.
- 2 The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And ev'ry setting Sun shall see
New Works of Duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;
Thy Mercy swift, thine Anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

- 4 Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine,
And speak thy Majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.
- 5 Let distant Times and Nations raise
The long Succession of thy Praise;
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous Deeds?
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

P S A L M CXLV. Metre iii.

- 1 **T**HEE will I bless, my GOD and KING,
Nor cease thy wondrous Acts to sing:
From earliest Morn to latest Eve
Thy Praises on my Tongue shall live:
While Righteousness and boundless Love
My Heart inflame, my Songs improve.
- 2 One Chorus of perpetual Praise
To Thee thy various Works shall raise;
Thy Saints to Thee in Hymns impart
The Transports of a grateful Heart;
The Glories of thy Kingdom tell,
And on thy Wonders sweetly dwell.
- 3 Ye Souls among his Saints enroll'd,
In GOD your sure Defence behold,
Whose Promise Truth eternal guides;
Whose Mercy o'er each Act presides;
Who gives the Humble, bow'd with Woe,
His all-supporting Grace to know.

P S A L M CXLVI. Metre i.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the LORD, and thou, my Soul,
For ever bless his Name ;
His wondrous Love, while Lite shall last,
My constant Praise shall claim.
- 2 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
Let none for Aid rely ;
They cannot save in dang'rous Times,
Nor timely Help apply.
- 3 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,
And there neglected lie ;
And all their Thoughts and vain Designs
Together with them die.
- 4 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his Protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the LORD
His constant Refuge makes.
- 5 The LORD who made both Heav'n and Earth,
And All that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast Truth,
Nor make his Promise vain.
- 6 The Poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs
Are eas'd by his Decree :
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
And sets the Pris'ners free.
- 7 The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,
Is our eternal KING :
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
Let All his Praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVI. Metre ii.

1 I'LL praise my MAKER with my Breath;
 And when my Voice is lost in Death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
 While Life, and Thought, and Being last,
 Or Immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a Man my Trust?
 Princes must die and turn to Dust:
 Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood;
 Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
 And Thoughts, all vanish in an Hour;
 Nor can they make their Promise good.

3 Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
 On *Israel's* God:—He made the Sky,
 And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train:
 His Truth for ever stands secure:
 He saves th' Oppress'd; he feeds the Poor;
 And none shall find his Promise vain.

P A R T II.

4 THE LORD hath Eyes to give the Blind;
 The LORD supports the sinking Mind;
 He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace;
 He helps the Stranger in Distress,
 The Widow and the Fatherless,
 And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

5 He loves his Saints: He knows them well,
 But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
 Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns:
 Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
 In this exalted Work engage;
 Praise Him in everlasting Strains.

306 P S A L M CXLVI.

6 I'll praise Him while He lends me Breath;
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life, and Thought, and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVI. Metre iii.

1 **Y**E Sons of Zion, praise the LORD,
Come tune your Songs in sweet Accord;
Awake, my Soul, awake and join
The sacred Hymn in Notes divine.

2 The Praises of my God and KING
(While I have Life or Breath to sing)
Shall fill my Heart, and tune my Tongue,
Till Heav'n improve the blissful Song.

3 Happy the Man, whose Hopes divine
On Israel's Guardian-God recline!
Who can with sacred Transport say,
This God is mine, my Help, my Stay.

4 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, declare his Name;
He built and fill'd their spacious Frame;
But o'er Creation's fairest Lines
His steadfast Truth unchanging shines.

P A R T II.

5 TO sightless Eyes, long clos'd in Night,
The LORD restores the Joys of Light;
The hungry Poor his Hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched Captive's Chains.

- 6 Thro' distant Regions doom'd to roam,
In Him the Stranger finds a Home;
'Tis His, the Orphan's Breast to cheer,
And wipe the Heart-swoln Widow's Tear.
- 7 But Vengeance waits the impious Race.
Who hate his Laws, and scorn his Grace;
Their Ways to sure Destruction tend,
And all their Hopes in Ruin end.
- 8 The LORD shall reign for ever KING,
And Age to Age his Glory sing;
Thy GOD, O happy Zion, reigns,
Resound his Praise in joyful Strains.

P S A L M CXLVII. Metre i.

- 1 **W**ITH Songs and Honours sounding
Address the LORD on high: [loud,
Over the Heav'ns He spreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky:
He sends his Show'rs of Blessings down
To cheer the Plains below;
He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.
- 2 He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;
But Man, who tastes his finest Wheat,
Should raise his Honours high:
His steady Counsels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut short his Race,
And wintry Days appear.

- 3 His hoary Frost, his fleecy Snow,
Descend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In icy Fetters bound:
When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the rattling Hail,
The Wretch that dares his God defy,
Shall find his Courage fail.
- 4 He sends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return:
The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word;
With Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign LORD.

P S A L M CXLVII. Metre ii.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD:—Tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.
- 2 The LORD builds up *Jerusalem*,
And gathers Nations to his Name;
His Mercy melts the stubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames;
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

- 4 Great is our LORD, and great his Might,
And all his Glories infinite :
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

P A R T II.

- 5 SING to the LORD, exalt Him high,
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn ;
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the Creature's Skill or Force ?
The sprightly Man, the warlike Horse ?—
The nimble Wit, the active Limb,
All are too mean Delights for Him.
- 8 But Saints are lovely in his Sight :
He views his Children with Delight :
He sees their Hope, He knows their Fear,
And looks, and loves his Image there.

P A R T III.

- 9 PRAISE ye the LORD:—O blissful Theme,
To sing the Honours of his Name !
'Tis Pleasure, 'tis divine Delight,
And Praise is lovely in his Sight.
- 10 He speaks ! and swiftly from the Skies
To Earth the sov'reign Mandate flies ;
Observant Nature hears his Word,
And bows obedient to her LORD !

310 P S A L M CXLVII.

- 11 Now thick descending Flakes of Snow,
O'er Earth a fleecy Mantle throw ;
Now glitt'ring Frost, o'er all the Plains,
Extends its universal Chains.
- 12 At his fierce Storms of icy Hail
The shiv'ring Pow'rs of Nature fail ;
Before his Cold, what Life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his Guardian-Hand !
- 13 He speaks ! The Ice and Snow obey,
And Nature's Fetters melt away ;
Now vernal Gales soft rising blow,
And murm'ring Waters gently flow.
- 14 But nobler Works his Grace record,
To *Israel's* Sons He sends his Word ;
Ye favour'd Tribes, your Voices raise,
And bless your God in Songs of Praise.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Metre i.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD, immortal Choir,
That fill the Realms above,
Praise Him who form'd you of his Fire,
And feeds you with his Love.
- 2 Shine to his Praise, ye cryстал Skies,
The Floor of his Abode ;
Or veil in Shades your Thousand Eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless Globe of golden Light,
Whose Beams create our Days,
Join with the Silver-Queen of Night,
To own your borrow'd Rays.

- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud
Through the ethereal Blue;
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And speak his awful Hand.
- 6 Shout to the LORD, ye surging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,
And Shore reply to Shore:
- 7 While Monsters sporting on the Flood,
In scaly Silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And lash the foaming Brine.
- 8 But gentler Things shall tune his Name
To softer Notes than these,
Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the Stream,
Or whisp'ring through the Trees.
- 9 Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To Him that bids you grow:
Sweet Clusters bend the fruitful Vines
On ev'ry thankful Bough.
- 10 Let the shrill Birds his Honour raise,
And climb the Morning-Sky;
While grov'ling Beasts attempt his Praise
In hoarser Harmony.

312 P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 11 Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound;
Echo the Glories of your KING
Through all the Nations round.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Metre ii.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH! kneel and sing
Praises to the heav'nly KING;
To the GOD supremely great,
Hallelujah in the Height.
- 2 Praise Him, archangelic Band,
Ye that in his Presence stand;
Raptur'd Spirits of his Train,
All whom Heav'n's vast Hosts contain.
- 3 Praise Him Sun at each Extreme,
Orient Streak and western Beam,
Moon and Stars of mystic Dance
Silv'ring in the blue Expanse.
- 4 Praise the LORD on Earth's Domains,
And the Mutes the Sea contains;
Ye that on the Surface leap,
And the Dragons of the Deep.
- 5 Batt'ring Hail and Fires that glow,
Streaming Vapours, plummy Snow,
Wind and Storm (his Wrath incurr'd)
Wing'd and pointed at his Word.
- 6 Mountains of enormous Scale,
Ev'ry Hill, and ev'ry Vale,
Fruit-Trees of a thousand Dyes,
Cedars that perfume the Skies.

- 7 Beasts that haunt the Woodland-Maze,
Nibbling Flocks, and Drovers that graze,
Reptiles of amphibious Breed,
Feather'd Millions form'd for Speed.
- 8 Kings and Nations of the Earth ;
Judges, all of princely Birth,
Youthful Bands and Virgin Choir,
Lisping Babe, and hoary Sire.
- 9 Saints, exalted by his Arm,
Chief, the heav'nly Theme should warm,
All, in one great Chorus join ;
Praise, O praise the Name divine.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Metre iii.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my Soul, th' exalted Lay,
Let each enraptur'd Thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's Name :
Lo ! Heav'n and Earth, and Seas and Skies,
In one melodious Concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring Theme.
- 2 Ye Fields of Light, celestial Plains,
Where gay transporting Beauty reigns,
Ye Scenes divinely fair ;
Your MAKER's wondrous Pow'r proclaim,
Tell how He form'd your shining Frame,
And breath'd the fluid Air.
- 3 Ye Angels, catch the thrilling Sound ;
While all th' adoring Thrones around
His boundless Mercy sing ;
Let ev'ry lift'ning Saint above
Wake all the tuneful Soul of Love,
And touch the sweetest String.

314 P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 4 Join, ye loud Spheres, the vocal Choir;
Thou, dazzling Orb of liquid Fire,
The mighty Chorus aid:
Soon as grey Ev'ning gilds the Plain,
Thou, Moon, protract the melting Strain,
And praise Him in the Shade.
- 5 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, his vast Abode;
Ye Clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon Worlds from Night;
"Ye Shades, dispel!"—th' ETERNAL said;
At once th' involving Darkness fled,
And Nature sprung to Light.
- 6 Whate'er a blooming World contains,
That wings the Air, that skims the Plains,
United Praise bestow:
Ye Dragons, sound his awful Name
To Heav'n aloud; and roar Acclaim,
Ye swelling Deeps below.
- 7 Let ev'ry Element rejoice:
Ye Thunders, burst with awful Voice
To Him who bids you roll:
His Praise in softer Notes declare,
Each whisp'ring Breeze of yielding Air,
And breathe it to the Soul.
- 8 To Him, ye graceful Cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring Mountains bending low,
Your great CREATOR own;
Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his Look,
And trembled at his Frown.

- 9 Ye Flocks that haunt the humble Vale,
 Ye Insects flutt'ring on the Gale,
 In mutual Concourse rise;
 Crop the gay Rose's vermil Bloom,
 And waft its Spoils, a sweet Perfume,
 In Incense to the Skies.
- 10 Wake, all ye mounting Tribes, and sing;
 Ye plummy Warblers of the Spring,
 Harmonious Anthems raise
 To Him who shap'd your finer Mould,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring Wings with
 And tun'd your Voice to Praise. [Gold,
- 11 Let Man, by nobler Passions sway'd,
 The feeling Heart, the judging Head,
 In heav'nly Praise employ;
 Spread his tremendous Name around,
 'Till Heav'n's broad Arch rings back the
 The gen'ral burst of Joy. [Sound,
- 12 Ye, whom the charms of Grandeur please,
 Nurs'd on the downy Lap of Ease;
 Fall prostrate at his Throne;
 Ye Princes, Rulers, all adore;
 Praise Him, ye Kings, who makes your
 An Image of his own. [Pow'r
- 13 Ye Fair, by Nature form'd to move,
 O praise th' eternal Source of Love,
 With Youth's enliv'ning Fire;
 Let Age take up the tuneful Lay,
 Sigh his bless'd Name—then soar away,
 And ask an Angel's Lyre.

P S A L M CXLIX. Metre i.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the LORD rejoice,
And let your Songs be new ;
Amidst the Church with cheerful Voice
His later Wonders shew.
The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their REDEEMER sing ;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praise,
While *Zion* owns her KING.
- 2 The LORD takes Pleasure in the Just,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn :
The Meek that lie despis'd in Dust
Salvation shall adorn.
Saints should be joyful in their KING,
E'en on a dying Bed ;
And like the Souls in Glory sing,
For God shall raise the Dead.
- 3 Then his high Praise shall fill their Tongue,
Their Hands shall wield the Sword ;
And Vengeance shall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the LORD.
When CHRIST his Judgment-Seat ascends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
Who humbly lov'd Him here.
- 4 Then shall they rule with Iron-Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel :
And join the Sentence of their GOD,
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

P S A L M CXLIX.

317

The Royal Sinners bound in Chains,
New Triumphs shall afford :
Such Honour for the Saints remains :
Praise ye and love the LORD.

P S A L M CXLIX. Metre ii.

- 1 COME praise the LORD, ye tuneful Bands,
Ye Saints assembled in his Name ;
New Streams of Joy your GOD demands,
New Mercies all your Praises claim.
- 2 Let *Israel's* Tribes, with Blessings crown'd,
Their GOD, their mighty Maker sing ;
And *Sion's* Sons with Joy resound
The endless Glories of their KING.
- 3 He bends complacent to your Praise,
Your GOD approves the best Employ ;
The thankful Meek his Love will raise
To Crowns of everlasting Joy.
- 4 O let the Saints aloud rejoice,
And Sounds of Glory fill the Song ;
All Day let Rapture tune their Voice,
And Night the blissful Strain prolong.

P S A L M CXLIX. Metre iii.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the LORD,
Prepare your glad Voice,
His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing :
In CHRIST the REDEEMER
Let *Israel* rejoice ;
And Children of *Sion*
Be glad in their KING.

- 2 Let them his great Name
 Extol in their Songs ;
 With well tuned Hearts
 His Praises express ;
 Who listens with Pleasure
 To hear their glad Tongues,
 And waits with Salvation
 The Humble to bless.

- 3 With Glory adorn'd,
 His People shall sing
 To God, who their Heads
 With Safety does shield ;
 Such Honour and Triumph
 His Favour shall bring ;
 O therefore, for ever
 All Praise to Him yield.

P S A L M CL. Metre: i.

- 1 **I**N God's own House pronounce his Praise,
 His Grace He there reveals ;
 To Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raise,
 For there his Glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred Passions move,
 While you rehearse his Leeds ;
 But the great Work of saving Love
 Your highest Praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have Motion, Life, and Breath,
 Proclaim your MAKER blest ;
 Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
 My Soul shall praise Him best.

P S A L M CL. Metre ii.

1 **P**RAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
 Yet will deign to dwell below;
 Praise the holy GOD of Love,
 Thankful, all his Greatness shew:
 Praise Him for his noble Deeds,
 Praise Him for his matchless Pow'r;
 Him, from whom all Good proceeds,
 All in Heav'n and Earth adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
 Great JEHOVAH's glorious Name;
 Let the Trumpet's joyful Sound
 Him the LORD of Hosts proclaim:
 Praise Him ev'ry tuneful String,
 All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
 All the Pow'rs of Music bring,
 Sweetest Music of the Heart.

3 Him in whom they move and live,
 Let the Race of Creatures sing,
 Glory to their MAKER give,
 Humblest Homage to their KING;
 Hallow'd be his Name beneath;
 As in Heav'n, on Earth ador'd,
 Praise the LORD in ev'ry Breath;
 Ev'ry Creature praise the LORD.

P S A L M CL. Metre iii.

1 **O** PRAISE the LORD in that blest Place,
 From whence his Goodness largely flows;
 Praise Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
 Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.

- 2 Praise Him for all the mighty Acts
Which He in our Behalf has done;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all, who vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he does to them afford,
In just Return of Praise employ;
Let ev'ry Creature praise the LORD.

P S A L M CL. Metre iv.

- 1 **H**OSANNA! praise the LORD, and bless
According to his Holiness,
And let your Praises tow'r;
O bless Him in sublimest Strains,
Where in the Firmament He reigns
Of his exalted Pow'r.
- 2 The Works of his Almighty Hand,
Which on eternal Record stand,
With thankful Hymns review;
On his majestic Glory dwell,
Whose Rays all Excellence excel,
And give the Praises due.
- 3 Let all Things that have Life and Breath,
In Heav'n above, in Earth beneath,
To CHRIST their Tribute bring;
O praise Him; for to Him belongs
The Breath which modulates your Songs,—
The Heart inspir'd to sing.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

Metre i.

- 1 **G**IVE to the FATHER Praise,
Give Glory to the SON,
And to the SPIRIT of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

Metre ii.

- 2 **T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Metre iii.

- 3 **P**RAISE God, from whom all Blessings
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Metre iv.

- 4 **T**O th' eternal THREE be giv'n
Praise on Earth, and Praise in Heav'n;
Such as was through Ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.

Metre v.

- 5 **N**OW to the great and sacred THREE,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT be
Eternal Praise and Glory giv'n,
Thro' all the Worlds where GOD is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.

Metre vi.

6 **I**MMORTAL Honours, endless Fame,
 Attend th' Almighty FATHER's Name:
 The Saviour SON be glorify'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd,
 And equal Adoration be,
 Eternal COMFORTER, to Thee.

Metre vii.

TO GOD the FATHER's Throne
 Perpetual Honours raise;
 Glory to GOD the SON;
 To GOD the SPIRIT Praise.

With all our Pow'rs,
 Eternal KING;
 Thy Name we sing,
 While Faith adores.



TABLE TO THE PSALMS.

	A.	Page
A BOVE these Heav'n's created Rounds	62	
Almighty Father! good and kind	93	
Almighty Maker of my Frame	67	
All People that on Earth do dwell	193	
All ye that love the Lord rejoice	316	
Among th' Assemblies of the Great	147	
Are all the Foes of Sion Fools:	97	
Arise, my gracious God	21	
Arise, O King of Grace, arise	273	
As pants the Hart for cooling Streams	74	
As pants the Hart for cooling Springs	75	
As the poor Hart, tir'd in the Chace	76	
Awake, ye Saints, to praise your King	278	
B.		
Before Jehovah's awful Throne	194	
Before thy Throne, whose Eyes can read	23	
Begin, my Soul, th' exalted Lay	313	
Behold the Fool, whose Heart denies	18	
Behold the lofty Sky. . . .	27	
Behold the Morning Sun	28	
Behold the stately Cedar stands	205	
Behold the sure Foundation Stone	236	
Behold us, Lord, with willing Feet	274	
Behold thy waiting Servant, Lord	246	
Best Instructor, from thy Ways	31	
Be Thou my Judge: thy searching Eyes	44	
Bless, O my Soul, the living God	201	
Blest are the Souls that hear and know	161	
Blest are the Undeild in Heart	239	
Blest be thy Name, eternal Lord	251	
Blest is the Man, for ever blest'd I	55	
Blest is the Nation where the Lord	57	
Blest Object of my Soul's Desire	24	
Blest Prince of Righteousness and Peace	130	
Blest who with gen'rous Pity glows	73	
By Morning Light I'll seek his Face	99	
By Thee prepar'd, the Night and Day	136	
C.		
Come praise the Lord, ye tuneful Bands	377	
Come sound his Praise abroad	191	

	Page
Consider all my Sorrows, Lord	249
Could I so false, so faithless prove	290
Create, O God, my Pow'rs anew	94

E.

Early, my God, without Delay	109
Exalt the Lord our God	191
Exalted by a blessed Thought	79

F.

Far as thy Name is known	86
Father, I bless thy gentle Hand	253
Father, I sing thy wondrous Grace	124
Firm and unmov'd are they	263
Fools in their Hearts profanely say	96
For ever blessed be the Lord	298
For ever shall my Song record	165
From all that dwell below the Skies	233
From Ill recede; to Good incline	64
From lowest Depths of Woe	269

G.

Give Thanks to God Most High	282
Give Thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord	280
Give to our God immortal Praise	281
God counts the Sorrows of his Saints	101
God from his cloudy Cistern pours	204
God in his earthly Temple lays	158
God is our Refuge in Distress	83
God is the Refuge of his Saints	82
God my Strength, to Thee I pray	49
God my Strength, the Wise, the Just	53
God, my Supporter and my Hope	133
God of my Childhood and my Youth	127
God of my Mercy and my Praise	217
God's Glories Salem's Temple fill	137
God speaks; and lo, a burning Waste	213
God swear to Abr'ham and his Seed	208
God the Heav'ns aloud proclaim	30
Great God, attend while Zion sings	151
Great God, indulge my humble Claim	110
Great God, when thy fierce Fury storm'd	25
Great God, whose universal Sway	131
Great is the Lord, his Works of Might	221
Great is the Lord our God	85



TABLE TO THE PSALMS.

325.
Page

Great Shepherd of thine Israel 144

H.

Had not the Lord, may Israel say	262
Hallelujah ! kneel and sing	312
Happy the City, where their Sons	299
Happy the Man to whom his God	54
Happy the Man, whose cautious Feet	1
Haste to my Aid, my Saviour haste	125
Hast Thou not planted with thy Hands	145
Hear, gracious Lord, my fervent Prayer	295
Hear me, O God, nor hide thy Face	196
Hear what the Lord in Vision said	162
He reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns	187
He that hath made his Refuge God	173
Hosanna ! praise the Lord, and bless	320
How blest the Man, how safe from Harm	171
How blest the Sight, the Joy how sweet	276
How great is the Messiah's Joy	32
How long wilt Thou conceal thy Face	17
How did my Heart rejoice to hear	257
How fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise	29
How glows with grateful Love my Breast	230
How pleasant 'tis to see	276
How pleas'd and bless'd was I	258
How pleasant, how divinely fair	150
How pleasing is the Scene, how sweet	277
How shall the Young secure their Hearts	241
How sweet thy Dwellings, Lord, how fair	154

I.

Jehovah from his chosen Place	88
Jehovah reigns : ye Nations own	192
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy Throne	218
Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun	131
If God succeed not, all the Cost	267
If God to build the House deny	266
I list my Soul to God	41
I'll celebrate thy Praises, Lord	59
I'll praise my Maker with my Breath	305
I love the Lord ; He heard my Cries	228
I love the Lord ; his gracious Ear	231
I meekly waited for the Lord	69
Immortal King ! through Earth's wide Frame	12

	Page
In all my vast Concerns with Thee	286
In God's own House pronounce his Praise	318
In Mercy, not in Wrath, rebuke	8
Joy to the World; the Lord is come	189
Is there Ambition in my Heart	272
Is there in me a lofty Heart	273
It is the Lord our Saviour's Hand	198
Judge me, O Lord, and prove my Ways	44
Judges, who rule the World by Laws	102
Just are thy Ways, and true thy Word	126
Just Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes	76
I've seen an End of what we call	244

K.

Kingdoms and Thrones to God belong	120
------------------------------------	-----

L.

Let all the Earth their Voices raise	186
Let all the Just to God with Joy	56
Let Children hear the mighty Deeds	141
Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness speak	301
Let God arise in all his Might	119
Let not the Sinner's Wealth or Might	63
Let Zion's heav'n-devoted Mount	87
Let Zion in her King rejoice	82
Let Songs of Joy to God ascend	210
Let Zion and her Sons rejoice	197
Lift your Voice, and thankful sing	237
Lo! from the Hills my Help descends	255
Lo! what a glorious Corner-Stone	239
Lo! what an entertaining Sight	275
Long as I live I'll bless thy Name	305
Lord, I am thine, but Thou wilt prove	22
Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin	91
Lord, I esteem thy Judgments right	243
Lord, I have made thy Word my Choice	244
Lord, in the Morning Thou shalt hear	7
Lord of the Worlds above	152
Lord, since in my advancing Age	291
Lord, Thou hast been thy Children's God	170
Lord, Thou hast call'd thy Grace to Mind	156
Lord, Thou hast heard thy Servant cry	235
Lord, Thou hast search'd and seen me through	289
Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray	6
Lord, to my Wants thine Ear incline	148

TABLE TO THE PSALMS.

327

Page

Lord, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand	176
Lord, we have heard thy Works of old	77
Lord, what a thoughtless Wretch was I	134
Lord, what is Man, poor feeble Man	299
Lord! what our Ears long since have known	87
Lord, when I count thy Mercies o'er	288
Lord, when Thou didst ascend on high	120
Lord, when this Vine in Canaan grew	145
Lord, where shall guilty Souls retire	287
Lord, who's the happy Man that may	19

M.

Maker of All, at thy Command	140
May God his fav'ring Ear incline	119
Mine Eyes and my Desire	43
My God, accept my early Vows	293
My God, consider my Distress	247
My God, how many are my Fears	4
My God, in whom are all the Springs	101
My God, my everlasting Hope	126
My God, my King, thy various Praise	302
My God, no longer silent stand	147
My God, permit my Tongue	108
My God, what inward Grief I feel	292
My grateful Tongue, immortal King	164
My Heart's best Portion, Lord, art Thou	252
My Heart, blest Saviour, is resign'd	216
My Heart doth take in Hand	78
My never-ceasing Songs shall show	160
My Refuge is the God of Love	116
My righteous Judge, my gracious God	297
My Saviour God, by Night, by Day	159
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend	126
My Shepherd is the living Lord	36
My Shepherd will supply my Need	35
My Soul in God its Rest has found	107
My Soul lies cleaving to the Dust	250
My Soul, repeat his Praise	200
My Soul with sacred Zeal inspir'd	222
My Soul, thy great Creator praise	203
My Spirit looks to God alone	106

N.

No Sacrifice thy Love can win	72
Not to ourselves, who are but Dust	227

	Page
Now be my Heart inspir'd to sing	80
Now I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind	132
Now let our Lips with holy Fear	123
Now let our Soul's immortal Pow'rs	39
Now may the God of Pow'r and Grace	32
Now shall my solemn Vows be paid	116
Now will I walk before the Lord	232

O.

O blest the Lord, my Soul	199
O come, loud Anthems let us sing	183
O for a Shout of sacred Joy	84
O Justice and of Grace I sing	195
O God, my gracious God, to Thee	112
O God, my Heart is fix'd, is bent	215
O God, my Heart is fully bent	214
O God, my Refuge, hear my Cries	98
O God of Grace and Righteousness	7
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord	148
O God our Help in Ages past	166
O God, to whom Revenge belongs	180
O happy Man, whose Soul is fill'd	267
O happy Nation, where the Lord	58
O hear my Voice, All-potent Sire	99
O help me, Lord, for few I see	16
O how blest the Man whose Ear	2
O how I love thy holy Law	242
O Israel's Father and his God	143
O let me, heav'nly Lord, extend	68
O let me pot, Almighty Friend	129
O Lord, how many are my Foes	5
O Lord, our God, how wondrous great	11
O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts	149
O Lord, thy Mercy (my sure Hope)	62
Once blest with Peace, I boasting said	51
Once did our suff'ring Saviour pray	33
Oppress'd with Grief, in Exile lost,	105
O praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul	304
O praise the Lord in that blest Place	319
O praise ye the Lord	317
O render Thanks, and blest the Lord	207
O render Thanks to God above	210
O save me, Lord, and to my Foes	10
O spare me, Lord, nor o'er my Head	9
O spare me, Lord, nor o'er my Head	65

TABLE TO THE PSALMS.

	329
	Page
O that the Lord would guide my Ways	246
O that the Statutes ev'ry Hour	250
O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry	92
O Thou, the Hope of Human Race	114
O Thou, whose Care prolongs my Breath	14
O Thou, whose Grace and Justice reign	261
O Thou, whose Hand has Israel led	135
O Thou, whose Justice reigns on high	160
Our Lord is risen from the Dead	40
Out of the Deeps of long Distress	270
O what a stiff rebellious House	141

P.

Plead Thou my Cause, O Lord:—My Foes	60
Plung'd in a dark and dire Abyfs	271
Praise the Lord who reigns above	319
Praise the Lord, with hallow'd Mirth	233
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his Name	279
Praise ye the Lord, immortal Choir	310
Praise ye the Lord: O blissful Theme	309
Praise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise	308
Preserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes	292
Preserve me, Lord, in Time of Need	20

R.

Repuls'd, dispers'd, chastis'd by Thee	104
Return, O God of Hosts, return!	169

S.

Salvation is for ever nigh	136
Safe on thy Word my Trust I build	253
Save me, O God, the swelling Floods	122
Save me, O Lord, my gracious God	103
See what a living Stone	234
Shew Pity, Lord; O Lord forgive	90
Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine	118
Sing, all ye Nations, to the Lord	115
Sing to the God whom we adore	190
Sing to the Lord aloud	146
Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high	309
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's Name	182
Sing to the Lord some new-taught Song	185
Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands	184
Sing, ye Sons of Might, O sing	150

	Page
Songs of immortal Praise belong	220
Soon as I heard my Father say	46
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace	301
Sweet is the Work, my God, my King	175
T.	
Teach me the Measure of my Days	66
Th' Almighty reigns exalted high	188
That Man is blest who stands in Awe	223
The Earth for ever is the Lord's	39
The Earth and all her Fulness owns	40
Thee, Lord, I boast my Bliss supreme	13
Thee, Lord, their Refuge, Thee alone	168
Thee will I bless, my God and King	303
Thee will I thank, and Day by Day	60
The God Jehovah reigns	191
The God of Jacob chose the Hill	274
The Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord	28
The King of Saints, how fair his Face	81
The Lord abounds with tender Love	202
The Lord appears my Helper now	235
The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind	305
The Lord Jehovah reigns	178
The Lord is come; the Heav'ns proclaim	188
The Lord my Pasture shall prepare	38
The Lord my Saviour is my Light	48
The Lord my Shepherd is	34
The Lord of Glory is my Light	45
The Lord th' eternal Sceptre rears	179
The Lord, the Judge, his Churches warns	90
The Lord, the sov'reign King	201
The Lord unto my Lord thus spake	220
The Praise of Sion waits for Thee	114
The spacious Firmament on high	29
The Wonders, Lord, thy Love hath wrought	71
Thine is the Throne:—beneath thy Reign	5
Think, mighty God, on feeble Man	163
This is the Day the Lord hath made	237
Thou art my God, to Thee my Eyes	111
Thou art my Portion, O my God	241
Though Thousands by thy Side are slain	174
Thou, Lord, hast weigh'd our ev'ry Fault	167
Thou, Lord, my Safety, Thou, my Light	47
Thou sacred Spring of all my Joys	48
Thou who art enthron'd above	175

TABLE TO THE PSALMS.

331

Page

Through all the changing Scenes of Life	59
Thus faith the Lord, your Work is vain	70
Thus the eternal Father spake	218
Thus the great Lord of Earth and Sea	219
Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought	209
Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display	155
Thy Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord	245
Thy Name, Almighty Lord	233
Thy Name, immortal God, thy Name	137
Thy Name my steadfast Heart avows	97
Thy Righteousness is deep and high	128
Thy Servant, God of Gods, supreme	128
Thy Servant, Lord, is wholly Thine	232
Thy Suppliant's Voice propitious hear	113
To bless thy chosen Race	117
To celebrate thy Praise, O Lord	13
To God above, from all below	211
To God I cry'd, with Anguish stung	254
To God I cry'd with mournful Voice	138
To God I made my Sorrows known	294
To God I raise my humble Cry	294
To God; let all the Nations raise	234
To my Complaint, O Lord my God	157
To our Almighty Maker, God	189
To sighless Eyes, long clos'd in Night	306
To spend one sacred Day	153
To Thee, before the dawning Light	240
To Thee my languid Soul aspires	297
To Thee, the God of Truth	53
To thy Pastures, fair and large	37
'Twas from thy Hand, my God, I came	290
'Twas in the Watches of the Night	110

U.

Vast are thy Works, Almighty Lord	206
Unclose these Lips to speak thy Name	94
Unshaken as the sacred Hill	263
Up from my Youth, may Israel say	268
Up to the Hills I lift mine Eyes	255
Upward I lift mine Eyes	256

W.

Wait but a while; then look around	64
We bless the Lord, the Just, the Good	121
What Joy while thus I view the Day	259

	Page
What shall I render, O my God	229
When God arose my Part to take	24
When God is nigh, my Faith is strong	21
When God restor'd our captive State	266
When Jacob's Sons through Paths unknown	225
When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's Hand	226
When Israel sins the Lord reprov's	142
When I with pleasing Wonder stand	288
When overwhelm'd with Grief	105
When we our weary'd Limbs to rest	284
When Sion's God her Sons recall'd	265
Where shall the Man be found	42
While I keep Silence, and conceal	56
Who o'er the Waves from Shore to Shore	213
Who trust in God's protecting Hand	264
Who will arise and plead my Right	180
Why did the Gentiles rage	2
Why did the Nations join to slay	4
Why do the Proud insult the Poor	88
Why doth the Lord stand off so far	14
Why has my God my Soul forsook	33
Why, Tyrant, boasts thy Heart the Pow'r	95
With all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue	285
With Expectation warm and strong	272
With Glory clad, with Strength array'd	177
With Mercy, Lord, revive our Hearts	170
With my whole Heart, I've sought thy Face	248
With my whole Heart, my God and King	284
With one Consent let all the Earth	194
With patient Hope my God I sought	72
With Rev'rence let the Saints appear	160
With Songs and Honours sounding loud	307

Y.

Ye faithful Sons of Israel's Name	52
Ye Islands of the Northern Seas	187
Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord	224
Ye Servants of th' Almighty King	225
Ye Servants of th' eternal King	278
Ye Sons of Men, a feeble Race	172
Ye Sons of Zion, praise the Lord	306
Ye that obey th' immortal King	277
Yet, faith the Lord, if David's Race	162



F I N I S.

ge
ag
44
21
66
25
26
42
88
25
34
25
42
66
33
04
00
2
4
8
4
3
5
5
2
7
0
8
4
4
2
0
7

2
7
4
5
8
2
6
7
2